

A  
COLLECTION  
OF  
HYMNS,

FOR THE USE OF  
THAT PART OF THE CHURCH OF CHRIST  
ASSEMBLING TOGETHER IN CHAPEL-  
STREET, MILE-END NEW-TOWN.

---

By WILLIAM TAUBMAN,  
Preacher of the WORD of LIFE.

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Upon an Instrument of Ten Strings. Psal. xcii. 3.  
And they sung a New Song. Rev. v. 9.

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L O N D O N :

Printed for the Collector, and Sold at his House No. 6,  
Corbet's-Court, Spitalfields; and at the Meeting,  
on Monday and Wednesday Evenings.  
MDCCXCIII.





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TO  
THE CHURCH OF CHRIST,

MEETING TOGETHER WITH A DESIRE  
THROUGH GRACE, TO HEAR AND FEEL  
THE TRUTH AS IT IS IN JESUS,  
IN THE MEETING HOUSE IN CHAPEL-STREET,  
MILE-END NEW-TOWN.

**B**ELOVED of God the FATHER,  
preserved in CHRIST JESUS, and  
called by his Blessed SPIRIT to know and  
enjoy THE BEST OF THINGS, I mean the  
everlasting Love of God the Father, the  
glorious and full Assurance of God the  
Son,

Son, and sweet Communications of God the Holy Ghost, in taking of the things of CHRIST, and shewing them to his, and in his application of the good Word of his Grace to the heart of his beloved ones : for none but these rightly understand what it is to pray in the spirit, to praise with the understanding, or to hear, indeed, with profit to the soul. Such as you are, may depend upon it, that you shall be brought through great tribulations ; nevertheless you shall not be without the appointed consolations of the Spirit of our God, for this blessed Wind bloweth when, where, and at what times he pleaseth ; every thing being ordered and well appointed in the everlasting Covenant

God  
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venant of Grace : and , being through  
Grace well persuaded of these things, it  
hath a tendency to keep the mind in some  
degree of calmness in many a storm ; and  
though the Child of God meets with  
many enemies within and without, yet  
being bottomed on JESUS CHRIST, the  
sure foundation, he shall through grace  
weather out every storm, and cry, " Grace  
Grace unto it !"

Beloved, as God is the God of order,  
and not of confusion, so I think there  
should be the greatest harmony and order  
possible in the Hymns sung in Public  
Worship, and the preaching of the Word  
in doctrine and experience ; " for if the  
trumpet

trumpet gives an uncertain sound, how shall the People prepare to Battle?"

I have often observed with sorrow the great inconsistencies in many Collections of Hymns, and how frequently they contradict themselves; and when the preaching is consistent with the Word of God, many hymns in singing will contradict the truth spoken, so that such as are taught of God cannot conscientiously join in singing of them.

This for some time was our case as a church: I have therefore with the assistance of my beloved brethren the deacons, out of real regard to Truth and the Edification of the people of God endeavoured through the help of the Lord the

Spirit

now Spirit, to select a book of Hymns, and  
 adopted those alterations that appear to  
 the us to be most consistent. Praying that  
 ions the Lord may make them useful to his  
 con- own Children, amongst whom I can say,  
 ach- " Through grace, I preach, with great  
 God, delight, the TRUTH as it is in Jesus, from  
 adict a heartfelt experience of the same ; and  
 are through mercy, with the presence of my  
 join God, and in the power, of his good Spi-  
 rit," as many consciences can and do bear  
 as a witness.

assist- If any should take the trouble to" speak  
 cons, or write against this my Address, or the  
 Edi- Hymns ; I shall not think it worth my  
 your- time to answer them, as I am one that do  
 d the not like Controversy. and as their are  
 Spirit some



some words in some of the Hymns which were not intended, but pass'd through the press unperceived; I hope those that are the well-wishers to the truth will excuse them; and if ever this little book should pass through another Edition, they shall be altered. Beloved, your's in the best bonds, and for the profit of your souls, hoping finally to join with you in the new song above, never to part more, and where all sorrow and sin shall be for ever done away.

Wherefore I heartily subscribe myself,

Your Servant for Christ's sake,

No. 6, Corbet's Court,  
Spitalfields.

WM. TAUBMAN.



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THIS IS MY MOTTO†.

In this world I shall have Tribulations still,  
But Peace to me through CHRIST shall flow, until  
That blessed hour comes,  
When in his presence I shall have my fill,  
Then join the song with those redeem'd above,  
And sing GOD's free and everlasting Love.

---

† A Motto is a sentence added to a device, or prefixed to any thing written, and may according to men's minds be taken in a bad or good sense.

---

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# I N D E X.

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A  
C O L L E C T I O N  
O F  
H Y M N S.

---

H Y M N I.

- 1 **A**H ! why, dear Saviour, tell me why  
Thou thus would'st suffer, bleed, and die ?  
What mighty motive could thee move ?  
The motive's plain, 'twas all FOR Love.
- 2 For Love of whom ? Of sinners base,  
A harden'd herd, a rebel race,  
That mock'd and trampled on thy blood,  
And wanton'd with the wounds of God !
- 3 Harder than rocks and mountains are,  
More dull than dirt and earth by far,  
Man view'd unmov'd thy Blood's rich stream,  
Nor ever thought it flow'd for Him.
- 4 They

- 4 They nail'd him to the accurs'd Tree,  
 They did ; my Brethren, so did we ;  
 The soldier pierc'd his side, is true,  
 But we have pierc'd him thro', and thro' !
- 5 O love of unexampled kind !  
 That leaves all thought so far behind,  
 Where length, and breadth, and depth, and  
 height,  
 Are lost to my astonish'd sight.

## H Y M N II.

- 1 **T**HE Moon and Stars shall lose their light,  
 The Sun shall sink in endless night,  
 Both Heaven and Earth shall pass away,  
 The works of Nature all decay.
- 2 But they that in the Lord confide,  
 Are shelter'd in his wounded side ;  
 Shall see the danger overpast,  
 Stand every storm and live at last,
- 3 What CHRIST has said must be fulfill'd,  
 On this firm Rock Believers build :  
 His Word shall stand, his Truth prevail,  
 And not one jot or tittle fail.

## H Y M N III.

- 1 **J**ESUS is our God and Saviour,  
 Guide and Counsellor, and Friend ;  
 Bearing all our misbehaviour,  
 Kind and loving to the end.

- 2 View him now in Heaven sitting,  
Interceding for us there;  
Not a moment intermitting  
His compassion and his care.
- 3 Nothing but thy Blood, O Jesus!  
Can relieve us from our smart;  
Nothing else from guilt releases;  
Nothing else can melt the heart.
- 4 Law and terrors do but harden,  
All the while they work alone;  
But a sense of blood-wrought pardon,  
Will dissolve a heart of stone.
- 5 From thy fulness we receive it,  
We have nothing of our own;  
Freely thou delightest to give it,  
To the needy who have none.

## H Y M N IV.

- 1 **W**HOE'ER believes aright  
In CHRIST's atoning blood,  
Of all his guilt's acquitted quite,  
And may draw near to God.
- 2 But sin will still remain,  
Corruptions rise up thick;  
And Satan says the Med'cine's vain,  
Because we yet are sick.



- 3 But all this will not do,  
 Our Hope's on JESUS cast;  
 Let all be liars, and him be true,  
 We shall be well at last.

## H Y M N V.

- 1 NO Prophet, nor dreamer of dreams,  
 No master of plausible speech,  
 To live like an angel who seems,  
 Or like an apostle to preach;  
 No tempter, without or within,  
 No spirit, though ever so bright,  
 That comes crying out against sin,  
 And looks like an angel of light:
- 2 Tho' Reason, tho' Fitness he urge,  
 Or plead with the words of a Friend,  
 Or wonders of argument forge,  
 Or deep Revelations pretend;  
 Should meet with a moment's regard,  
 But rather be boldly withstood,  
 If any thing easy or hard,  
 He teach, save the LAMB and his Blood.
- 3 Deceiv'd by the Father of lies,  
 Blind guides cry, "Lo here! and lo there!"  
 By these our Redeemer us tries:  
 And warns us of such to beware:  
 Poor comfort to Mourners they give,  
 Who set us to labour in vain,  
 And strive with a "*Do this and live:*  
 To drive us to Egypt again.

4 But



- 4 But what says our Shepherd divine?  
 For his blessed Word we shall keep :  
 " This flock has my Father made mine :  
 " I lay down my life for my sheep.  
 " 'Tis life everlasting I give :  
 " My Blood was the price that it cost,  
 " Not one that on me shall believe,  
 " Shall ever be finally lost.
- 5 This God is the God we adore,  
 Our faithful, unchangeable Friend :  
 Whose Love is as large as his Power,  
 And neither knows measure nor end.  
 'Tis JESUS, that FIRST and that LAST,  
 Whose Spirit shall guide us safe home :  
 We'll praise him for all that is past,  
 And trust him for all that's to come.

## H Y M N VI.

- 1 **M**ISTAKEN men may bawl  
 Against the grace of God,  
 And threat with final Fall  
 The purchase of his blood ;  
 But tho' they own the Saviour's name,  
 From him such Gospel never came.
- 2 Shall Babes in Christ, bereft  
 Of God's rich Gift of Faith,  
 Be to their own will left,  
 And sin the Sin to death ?  
 Shall any child of God be lost,  
 And Satan cheat the Holy Ghost.

Dark

- 3 Dark unbelief and pride,  
 With Pharisaic zeal,  
 We lay you all aside,  
 And trust a surer Seal :  
 We'd rest our souls on JESU's Word,  
 And give the glory to the Lord.
- 4 Led forth by God's free grace,  
 And guided in his pow'r,  
 We reach his holy place,  
 And live for evermore :  
 'Twas this place Moses had in view,  
 Of this he sang, and we sing too.

## H Y M N VII.

- 1 **Y**OU Children of God,  
 Belov'd in his Son,  
 Redeem'd by his Blood,  
 And with him made one ;  
 This Union with wonder,  
 And rapture be seen,  
 Which nothing shall sunder,  
 Without or within.
- 2 'Tis not for good deeds,  
 Good tempers, nor frames ;  
 From Grace it proceeds,  
 And all is the Lamb's :  
 No goodness, no Fitness,  
 Expects he from us ;  
 This I can well witness,  
 For none could be worse.

H Y M N

## H Y M N VIII.

- 1 GRACIOUS God, thy Children keep,  
     JESUS guide thy silly sheep ;  
 Fix, Oh ! fix our fickle souls,  
 " Lord, direct us ; we are Fools.
- 2 Bid us in thy care confide ;  
     Keep us near thy wounded side,  
     From thee let us never stir,  
     For thou know'st how soon we err.
- 3 Lay us low before thy feet,  
     Safe from pride and self-conceit ;  
     Be the language of our souls,  
     " Lord, protect us, we are fools !
- 4 Oh ! defend thy purchas'd Flock !  
     See th' insulting Ishmaels mock :  
     Guard us from a world of sin,  
     Foes without, and worse within !
- 5 Dang'rous doctrines from without,  
     Lies and errors round about ;  
     From within, a treach'rous heart,  
     Prone to take the Tempter's part.
- 6 Never, never, may we dare,  
     What we're not, to say we are :  
     Make us well our Vileness know :  
     Keep us, very, very low.

I am,

## H Y M N IX.

- 1 **I** AM, saith CHRIST, the Way :  
Now, if we credit Him,  
All other paths must lead astray,  
How fair soe'er they seem.
- 2 I am, saith CHRIST, the Truth,  
Then all that lack this Test,  
(Proceed it from an Angel's mouth)  
Is but a lie, at best.
- 3 I am, saith CHRIST the Life,  
May this be be felt thro' faith ;  
It follows, without further strife,  
That all besides is death.
- 4 If what those words aver,  
The Holy Ghost apply,  
The simplest Christian shall not err,  
Nor be deceiv'd, nor die.

## H Y M N X.

- 1 **W**HENE'ER I make some sudden stop,  
For many such I make ;  
And cannot see the cloud clear'd up  
Nor know which path to take :
- 2 I'd to my Saviour speed my way  
To tell my dubious state ;  
Then listen what the Lord will say,  
And hope to follow that.

- 3 If Jesus seems to hide his Face,  
What anxious Fears I feel;  
But if he deigns to whisper peace,  
I'm happy ; all is well.
- 4 Weak in myself, in Him I'm strong,  
His Spirit's voice I hear :  
The way I walk cannot be wrong,  
If Jesus be but there.
- 5 He is my helper and my guide,  
I trust to him alone,  
No other helps have I beside :  
I venture all on One.

## H Y M N XL.

- 1 THE blest memorials of thy Grief,  
Thy sufferings and thy death,  
We come, dear Saviour, to receive ;  
But would receive with Faith.
- 2 Here in obedience to thy word,  
We take the bread and wine :  
The utmost we can do, dear Lord,  
For all beyond is thine.
- 3 Increase our Faith, and hope, and love,  
Lord, give us all that's good ;  
We would thy full salvation prove,  
And share by flesh and blood.

## H Y M N

## H Y M N XII.

- 1 **T**HAT solemn night before his death,  
 The LAMB for sinners slain,  
 Did almost with his latest breath,  
 This solemn feast ordain :  
 To keep thy feast, Lord, are we met,  
 And to remember thee ;  
 Help each poor trembler to repeat,  
 " For me he died ; for ME !"
- 2 Thy sufferings, Lord, each sacred sign  
 To our remembrance brings :  
 We eat the bread and drink the wine  
 And think on nobler things :  
 O tune our tongues and set in frame  
 Each heart that pants to thee,  
 To sing, " Hosanna to the Lamb,  
 The Lamb that died for me !"

## H Y M N XIII.

- 1 **W**HAT creatures beside,  
 Are favour'd like us,  
 Forgiven, supplied,  
 And banqueted thus ?  
 By God, our good Father,  
 Who gave us his Son,  
 And sent him to gather  
 His children in one ?

a Sal-



- 2 Salvation's of God,  
 The effect of ~~face~~ grace,  
 Upon us bestow'd,  
 Before the world was ;  
 God from everlasting ;  
 Be blest ; and again,  
 Blest to everlasting  
 Amen, and Amen.

## H Y M N XIV.

- 1 **T**HE saints should never be dismay'd,  
 Nor sink in hopeless fear,  
 For when they least expect his aid,  
 The saviour will appear
- 2 This Abraham found, he rais'd the knife ;  
 God saw and said, " Forbear !  
 Yon ram shall yield his meaner life,  
 Behold the victim there !
- 3 Once David seem'd Saul's certain prey,  
 But hark the foes at hand !  
 Saul turns his arms another way,  
 To save th' invaded land.
- 4 When Jonah sunk beneath the wave,  
 He thought to rise no more !  
 But God prepar'd a fish to save,  
 And bear him to the shore.
- 5 Blest in the power and grace divine,  
 That meet us in his word :  
 May every deep felt care of mine  
 Be trusted with the Lord.

6 Wait

- 6 Wait for his seasonable aid,  
 And tho' it tarry, wait,  
 The promise may be long delay'd,  
 But cannot come too late.

## H Y M N XV.

- 1 **M**ANNA to Israel well supply'd  
 The want of other bread ;  
 While God is able to provide.  
 His people shall be fed.
- 2 Of his kind care how sweet a proof !  
 It suited every taste ;  
 Who gather'd most had just enough,  
 Enough who gather'd least
- 3 'Tis thus our gracious Lord provides  
 Our comforts and our cares,  
 His own unerring hand provides,  
 And gives us each our shares.
- 4 He knows how much the weak can bear,  
 And helpeth them to cry ;  
 The strongest have no strength to spare;  
 For such he'll strongly try.
- 5 Daily they saw the Manna come,  
 And cover all the ground,  
 But what they try'd to keep at home  
 Corrupted soon was found.

- 7 Vain their attempts to store it up,  
 This was to tempt the Lord ;  
 Israel must live by Faith and Hope,  
 And not upon a hoard.

## H Y M N XVI.

- 1 JESUS, whose Blood so freely stream'd,  
 To satisfy the Law's demand,  
 By thee from guilt and wrath redeem'd  
 Before the Father's face I stand.
- 2 To reconcile offending Man,  
 Made Justice drop her angry rod ;  
 What creature could have form'd the plan,  
 Or who fulfil it but a God?
- 3 No drop remains of all the curse ;  
 For wretches who deserv'd the whole ;  
 No arrows dipt in wrath to pierce  
 The guilty but returning soul.
- 4 Now, Lord, thy feeble worm prepare ;  
 For strife with earth and hell begins ;  
 Confirm and gird me for the war,  
 They hate the soul that hates his sins.
- 5 Let them in horrid league agree,  
 They may assault, they may distress ;  
 But cannot quench thy love to me,  
 Nor rob me of the Lord, my peace.

C .

HYMN

## H Y M N XVII.

- 1 **P**OOR, weak and worthless, tho' I am,  
I have a rich almighty friend :  
JESUS, the Saviour, is his name,  
He freely loves, and *without end*.
- 2 He ransom'd me from hell with blood,  
And by his power my foes controul'd ;  
He found me wand'ring far from God,  
And brought me to his chosen fold.
- 3 He cheers my heart, my need supplies,  
And says that I shall shortly be  
Enthron'd with him above the skies,  
Oh ! what a friend is CHRIST to me !

## H Y M N XVIII.

- 1 **A**MAZING grace ! (how sweet the sound)  
That sav'd a wretch like me !  
I once was lost, but now am found ;  
Was blind, but now I see :
- 2 'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear ;  
And grace my fears reliev'd :  
How precious did that grace appear,  
The hour I first believ'd !
- 3 Thro' many dangers, toils and snares,  
I have already come,  
'Tis grace has brought me safe thus far,  
And grace will lead me home.

- 4 The earth shall soon dissolve, like snow,  
The sun forbear to shine ;  
But God, who call'd me here below,  
Will be forever mine.

## H Y M N XIX

- 1 **W**HEN Israel was from Egypt freed,  
The Lord, who brought them out,  
Help'd them in every time of need,  
But led them round about.
- 2 To enter Canaan soon they hope'd,  
But quickly chang'd their mind ;  
When the red sea their passage stop'd,  
And Pharaoh march'd behind.
- 3 They often murmur'd by the way,  
Because they judg'd by sight ;  
But were at length constrain'd to say,  
The Lord had led them right.
- 4 The way was right their hearts to prove,  
And make God's glory known ;  
And shew his wisdom, power, and love,  
Engag'd to save his own.
- 5 Just so the true believer's path  
Thro' many dangers lies,  
Tho' dark to sense, 'tis right to faith  
And leads us to the Skies.



## H Y M N XX.

- 1 **H**OW sweet the name of JESUS sounds,  
In a believer's heart,  
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds  
And drives away the smart,
- 2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,  
And calms the troubled breast;  
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,  
And to the weary rest.
- 3 Dear name ! the rock on which I build,  
My shield and hiding place ;  
My never-failing treas'ry, fill'd  
With boundless stores of grace.
- 4 Jesus ! my Shepherd, Husband, Friend,  
My Prophet, Priest, and King ;  
My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,  
Accept the praise I bring.
- 5 Weak is the effort of my heart,  
And cold my warmest thought :  
But when I see thee as thou art,  
I'll praise thee as I ought.

## H Y M N XXI.

- 1 **H**E who on earth as man was known,  
And bore our sins and pains ;  
Now seated on th' eternal throne,  
The God of glory reigns.

- 2 His hands the wheels of Nature guide  
With an unerring skill ;  
And countless worlds extended wide,  
Obey his sov'reign will.
- 3 While harps unnumber'd sound his praise  
In yonder world above,  
His saints on earth admire his ways,  
And glory in his Love.
- 4 His righteousness to faith reveal'd,  
Wrought out for guilty worms ;  
Affords a hiding place and shield,  
From enemies and storms.
- 5 How glorious he, how happy they  
In such a glorious friend :  
Whose love secures them all the way,  
And crowns them at the end.

H Y M N XXII.

- 1 **M**Y God ! how perfect are thy ways ;  
But mine polluted are,  
Sin twines itself about my praise,  
And slides into my prayer.
- 2 When I would speak what thou hast done  
To save me from my sin :  
I cannot make thy mercies known,  
But self-applause creeps in.

- 3 Divine Desire, that holy flame,  
Thy grace creates in me,  
Alas ! Impatience is its name,  
When it returns to thee.
- 4 This heart, a fountain of vile thoughts,  
How does it overflow !  
While *self* upon the surface floats,  
Still bubbling from below.
- 5 Let others in the gawdy dress  
Of fancied merit shine ;  
The Lord, He is my righteousness,  
The Lord, for ever Mine !

H Y M N XXIII.

- 1 FROM pole to pole let others roam,  
And search in vain for bliss,  
My soul is satisfied at home,  
The Lord my portion is.
- 2 JESUS, who on his glorious throne,  
Rules Heaven and Earth and Sea ;  
Is pleas'd to claim me for his own,  
And give Himself to Me !
- 3 His Person fixes all my love,  
His Blood removes my fear ;  
And while he pleads for me above,  
His arm preserves me here.
- 4 His Word of Promise is my food ;  
His Spirit is my guide :

Thus

Thus daily is my strength renew'd,  
And all my need supplied.

- 5 For Him I count as gain each loss;  
Disgrace for him, renown;  
Well may I glory in his cross,  
He has prepar'd my crown.
- 6 Let worldlings then indulge their boast,  
How much they gain or spend;  
Their joys must soon give up the Ghost,  
But mine shall know no end.

H Y M N XXIV.

- 1 **A**S birds their infant brood protect,  
And spread their wings to shelter them,  
Thus saith the Lord to his Elect,  
“ So do I guard Jerusalem.”
- 2 And what then is Jerusalem,  
This darling object of his care?  
Where is its worth in God's esteem?  
Who built it? Who inhabits there?
- 3 **J**EHOVAH founded it in love,  
The love of his incarnate Son:  
There dwell the saints, once foes to God,  
The sinners, whom he calls his own.
- 4 Here, tho' besieg'd on every side,  
Yet much belov'd, and guarded well,  
From age to age they have defied,  
The utmost force of earth and hell.

5 Let

- 5 Let earth repent, and hell despair,  
 This city has a sure defence,  
 Her Name is call'd, " THE LORD IS THERE."  
 And who has power to drive him thence ?

## H Y M N XXV.

- 1 **W**HEN JESUS claims the sinner's heart,  
 Where Satan rul'd before,  
 The evil spirit must depart,  
 And dares return no more.
- 2 But when he goes without constraint,  
 And wanders from his home,  
 Altho' withdrawn, it is but feig'nd,  
 He means again to come.
- 3 Some outward change, perhaps, is seen,  
 If Satan quit the place ;  
 But though the house seems swept and clean,  
 'Tis destitute of Grace.
- 4 Except the Saviour dwell and reign  
 Within the sinner's mind,  
 Satan, when he returns again,  
 Will easy entrance find.
- 5 Lord save me from this dreadful end,  
 And from this heart of mine :  
 O drive and keep away the fiend,  
 Who fears no voice but thine.

H Y M N



## H Y M N XXVI.

- 1 **T**HO' in the outward church below,  
The wheat and tares together grow,  
Jesus ere long will weed this crop,  
And pluck the tares in anger up.
- 2 Will it relieve their horrors there,  
To recollect their station here,  
How much they heard, how much they knew,  
How long amongst the wheat they grew ?
- 3 We seem alike when thus we meet,  
Strangers might think we all are wheat ;  
But to the Lord's all-searching eyes,  
Each heart appears without disguise.
- 4 The tares are spar'd for various ends,  
Some for the sake of praying friends ;  
Others the Lord against their will,  
Employs his councils to fulfil.
- 5 But tho' they grow so tall and strong,  
His plan will not require them long ;  
In harvest, when he saves his own,  
The tares shall into hell be thrown.

## H Y M N XXVII.

- 1 **T**HY mansion is the Christian's heart,  
O Lord, thy dwelling place secure :  
Bid the unruly throng depart,  
And leave the consecrated door.

2 Devote

- 2 Devoted as it is to thee,  
A thievish swarm frequents the place,  
They steal away my joys from me,  
And rob my Saviour of his praise.
- 3 I know them, and I hate their din,  
I'm weary of the bustling croud.  
But while their voice is heard within,  
I cannot serve thee as I would.
- 4 Oh for the joy thy presence gives !  
What peace shall reign when thou art here,  
Thy presence makes this den of thieves,  
A calm delightful house of prayer.
- 5 And if thou make thy Temple shine,  
Yet self-abas'd will I adore,  
The gold and silver is not mine :  
I give thee what was thine before.

## H Y M N \* XXVIII.

- 1 **W**HEN any turn from Zion's way ;  
( Alas ! what numbers do ! )  
Methinks I hear my Saviour say,  
“ Wilt thou forsake me too ? ”
- 2 Ah Lord, with such a heart as mine,  
Unless thou hold me fast !  
I feel I must, I shall decline,  
And prove like them at last.

No

- 3 No voice but thine can give me rest,  
And bid my fears depart,  
No love but thine can make me blest'd,  
And satisfy my heart.
- 4 What anguish has that question stirr'd,  
If I will also go :  
Yet, Lord, relying on thy word,  
I humbly answer, No.

## H Y M N XXIX.

- 1 I AM (saith CHRIST) your glorious Head,  
May we attention give :  
The resurrection of the dead,  
The life of all that live ;
- 2 The sinner sleeping in his grave,  
Shall at my voice awake ;  
And when I once begin to save,  
My work I ne'er forsake.
- 3 Preserve the pow'r of faith alive,  
In those who love thy name ;  
For sin and satan daily strive,  
To quench the sacred flame.
- 4 Thy pow'r and mercy first prevails,  
From death to set us free,  
And often since our life had fail'd,  
If not renew'd by thee.

- 5 To thee we look, to thee we bow,  
To thee for help we call;  
Our Life and Resurrection, Thou!  
Our hope, our joy, our all !

H Y M N XXX.

- 1 IF Paul in Cæsar's court must stand,  
He need not fear the sea,  
Secur'd from harm on every hand,  
By the divine decree.
- 2 Altho' the ship in which he sail'd,  
By dreadful storms was tofs'd,  
The promise over all prevail'd,  
And not a life was lost,
- 3 His must they all appear one day,  
Before their Saviour's throne,  
The storms they meet with by the way,  
But make his power known.
- 4 Their passage lies across the brink  
Of many a threatening wave,  
The world expects to see them sink,  
But Jesus lives to save.
- 5 Lord, tho' we are but feeble worms,  
Yet since thy word is past,  
We'll venture thro' a thousand storms,  
To see thy face at last

## H Y M N XXXI.

- 1 **O** Could I but believe,  
Then all would easy be:  
I would, but cannot; Lord relieve!  
My help must come from thee.
- 2 But if indeed I would,  
Tho' I can nothing do;  
Yet the desire is something good,  
For which thy praise is due.
- 3 By nature prone to ill,  
'Till thine appointed hour,  
I was as destitute of will,  
As now I am of power.
- 4 Wilt thou not crown at length  
The work thou hast begun?  
And with a will afford me strength  
In all thy ways to run?

## H Y M N XXXII.

- 1 **W**HEN Israel's tribes were parch'd with thirst,  
Forth from the rock the waters burst,  
And all their future journey through,  
Yielded them drink and Gospel too.
- 2 In Moses' rod, a type they saw  
Of his severe and fiery law;  
The smitten rock prefigur'd Him  
From whose pierc'd side all blessings stream.

D

4 But

- 3 But ah ! the types were all too faint,  
His sorrows or his worth to paint ;  
Slight was the stroke of Moses' rod,  
But he endur'd the wrath of God.
- 4 Their outward rock could feel no pain,  
But our's was wounded, torn and slain ;  
The rock gave but a wat'ry flood,  
But JESUS pour'd forth streams of blood.
- 5 The earth is like their wilderness,  
A land of drought and sore distress ;  
Without one stream, from pole to pole,  
To satisfy a thirsty soul.
- 6 But let the Saviour's praise resound,  
In him refreshing streams are found,  
Which pardon, strength, and comfort give,  
And thirsty sinners drink and live.

## H Y M N XXXIII.

- 1 OPPRESS'D with unbelief and sin,  
Fightings without and fears within,  
While earth and hell with force combin'd,  
Assault and terrify my mind.
- 2 What strength have I, against such foes,  
Such hosts and legions to oppose ?  
Alas ! I tremble, faint and fall ;  
Lord, save me, or I give up all.

3 Thus



- 3 Thus sorely prest, I fought the Lord,  
To give me some sweet cheering word ;  
Again I fought, and yet again ;  
I waited long, but not in vain.
- 4 Oh ! 'twas a cheering word indeed,  
Exactly suited to my need ;  
" Sufficient for thee is my grace :  
" Thy weakness my great power displays."
- 5 My grace would soon exhausted be,  
But his is boundless as the sea ;  
Then let me boast with honest Paul,  
That I am nothing : CHRIST is all.

## H Y M N XXXIV.

- 1 STRANGE and mysterious is my life ;  
What opposites I feel within !  
A stable peace ; a constant strife ;  
The rule of Grace ; the power of sin !  
Too often I am captive led,  
Yet daily triumph in my Head.
- 2 I prize the privilege of prayer ;  
But oh ! what backwardness to pray !  
Tho' on the Lord I cast my care,  
I feel its burden'd every day.  
I seek his will in all I do,  
Yet find my own is working too.

- 3 I call the Promises my own,  
 And prize them more than mines of gold;  
 Yet though their sweetness I have known,  
 They leave me unimpres'd and cold.  
 One hour upon the Truth I feed,  
 The next I know not what to read.
- 5 While on my Saviour I rely,  
 I know my foes shall lose their aim,  
 And therefore dare their power defy,  
 Assur'd of conquest through his name:  
 But soon my confidence is slain,  
 And all my fears return again.
- 6 Thus different powers within me strive,  
 And grace and sin by turns prevail;  
 I grieve, rejoice, decline, revive;  
 And vict'ry hangs in doubtful scale;  
 But JESUS has his promise past,  
 That grace shall overcome at last.

## H Y M N XXXV.

- 1 FIERCE passions discompose the mind,  
 As tempests vex the sea;  
 But calm content and peace we find,  
 When, Lord, we turn to thee.
- 2 In vain, by reason and by rule,  
 We try to bend the will;  
 For none but in the Saviour's school,  
 Can learn the heavenly skill.

- 3 'Tis I appoint thy daily lot,  
 (And I do all things well :)  
 Thou soon shalt leave this wretched spot,  
 And rise with me to dwell.
- 4 In life my grace shall strength supply,  
 Proportion'd to thy day ;  
 At death thou still shalt find me nigh,  
 To wipe thy tears away.

## H Y M N XXXVI.

- 1 O THOU, at whose almighty word  
 The glorious light from darkness sprung,  
 Thy quick'ning influence afford,  
 And clothe with power the Preacher's tongue.
- 2 Tho' 'tis thy Truth he hopes to speak,  
 He cannot give the hearing ear ;  
 'Tis thine the stubborn heart to break,  
 And make the careless sinner fear.
- 3 As when of old, the water flow'd  
 Forth from the rock at thy command,  
 Moses in vain had wav'd his rod,  
 Without thy wonder-working hand :
- 4 As when the walls of Jericho  
 Down to the earth at once were cast,  
 It was thy power that brought them low,  
 And not the trumpet's feeble blast.

- 5 Thus we would in the means be found,  
 And thus on thee alone depend ;  
 To make the Gospel's joyful sound  
 Effectual to the promis'd End.

## H Y M N XXXVII.

- 1 **Z**ION, the city of our God,  
 How glorious is the place !  
 The Saviour there has his abode,  
 And sinners see his face.
- 2 Firm against every adverse shock,  
 Its mighty bulwarks prove ;  
 'Tis built upon the living Rock,  
 And wall'd around with Love.
- 3 There all the fruits of glory grow,  
 And joys that never die,  
 And streams of grace and knowledge flow,  
 The soul to satisfy.

## H Y M N XXXVIII.

- 1 **M**Y Soul would bless the Lord of all,  
 My praise should climb to his abode,  
 The Saviour by that name I call ;  
 The great Supreme ; the mighty God !
- 2 Without

- 2 Without beginning or decline,  
 Object of faith and not of sense ;  
 Eternal ages saw him shine,  
 He shines eternal ages hence.
- 3 Of all the names JEHOVAH bears,  
 Salvation is the dearest claim ;  
 That gracious sound well pleas'd he hears,  
 And owns IMMANUEL for his Name.
- 4 A cheerful confidence I feel,—  
 My well-plac'd hopes with joy I see :  
 My bosom glows with heav'nly zeal,  
 To worship him who died for me.

## H Y M N XXXIX.

- 1 O H may we join with hearts and tongues,  
 And emulate the angels songs !  
 Yea sinners may address their king,  
 In songs that angels cannot sing.
- 2 They praise the Lamb who once was slain,  
 But we can add a higher strain—  
 Not only say—"He suffer'd thus !  
 But that he suffer'd ALL FOR US !"
- 3 When angels by transgression fell,  
 Justice consign'd them all to hell ;  
 But mercy form'd a wond'rous plan,  
 To save and honour fallen man.

A JESUS

- 4 JESUS, who pass'd the angels by,  
Assumed flesh to bleed and die;  
And still he makes it his abode,  
As man he fills the throne of God.
- 5 Our next of kin, our Brother now,  
Is he to whom all angels bow;  
They join with us to praise his Name,  
But we the nearest int'rest claim.

## H Y M N XL.

- 1 O LORD, our languid souls inspire,  
For here we trust thou art:  
Send down a coal of heavenly fire,  
To warm each waiting heart.
- 2 Dear Shepherd of thy people, here,  
Thy presence now display;  
As thou hast giv'n a place for prayer,  
So give us hearts to pray.
- 3 Shew us some token of thy Love,  
Our fainting hope to raise;  
And pour thy blessings from above,  
That we may render praise.
- 4 Within these walls let holy peace,  
And love and concord dwell;  
Here give the troubled conscience ease,  
The wounded spirit heal.



- 5 The feeling heart, the melting eye,  
 The humbled mind bestow;  
 And shine upon us from on high,  
 To make our graces grow.
- 6 May we in faith receive thy word,  
 In faith present our prayers;  
 And in the presence of our Lord,  
 Unbosom all our cares.
- 7 And may the Gospel's joyful sound,  
 Enforc'd by mighty grace,  
 Awaken many sinners round  
 To come and fill the place.

## H Y M N XLI.

- 1 JESUS, where'er thy people meet,  
 There they behold thy mercy seat;  
 Where'er they seek thee thou art found,  
 And ev'ry place is hallow'd ground.
- 2 For thou, within no walls confin'd,  
 Inhabitest the humble mind;  
 Such ever bring thee where they come,  
 And going take thee to their home.
- 3 Dear Shepherd of thy chosen few,  
 Thy former mercies here renew;  
 Here to our waiting hearts proclaim  
 The sweetness of thy saving name.

4 Here

- 4 Here may we prove the pow'r of prayer,  
 To strengthen faith and sweeten care;  
 To teach our faint desires to rise,  
 And bring all heav'n before our eyes.

## H Y M N XLII.

- 1 **H**OW welcome to the saints when press'd  
 With six days noise, and care, and toil,  
 Is the returning day of rest,  
 Which hides them from the world awhile.
- 2 How happy, if their lot is cast  
 Where stately the Gospel sounds;  
 The word is honey to their taste,  
 Renews their strength, and heals their wounds.
- 4 With joy they hasten to the place,  
 Where they their Saviour oft have met;  
 And while they feast upon his grace,  
 Their burdens and their griefs forget.
- 5 This favour'd lot, my friends, is ours;  
 May we the privilege improve,  
 And find these consecrated hours  
 Sweet earnest of the joys above.

## H Y M N XLIII.

- 1 **C**HIEF Shepherd of thy chosen Sheep,  
 From death and sin set free;  
 May every under shepherd keep  
 His eye intent on thee.

2 With

- 2 With plenteous grace their hearts prepare,  
To execute thy will;  
Compassion, patience, love, and care,  
With Faithfulness and skill.
- 3 Enflame their minds with holy zeal,  
Their flocks to feed and teach;  
And let them live, and let them feel,  
The sacred truths they preach.
- 4 Oh never let the sheep complain,  
The toys which fools amuse,  
Ambition, pleasure, praise, or gain,  
Debase the shepherds views.
- 5 He that for these forbears to feed  
The souls whom Jesus loves,  
Whate'er he may profess, or plead,  
An idle shepherd proves,

H Y M N XLIV.

- 1 **R**EFRESHED by the bread and wine,  
The pledges of our Saviour's Love,  
Now may our hearts and voices join,  
In songs of praise with those above.
- 2 Do they sing, " Worthy is the Lamb ?"  
Although we cannot reach their strains,  
Yet we, thro' grace, can sing the same,  
For us he died ! for us he reigns !

3 If

- 3 If they behold him face to face,  
 While we a glimpse can only see ;  
 Yet equal debtors to his grace,  
 As safe and as belov'd are we.
- 4 They had like us a suffering time,  
 Our cares, and fears, and griefs they knew  
 But they have conquer'd all thro' him,  
 And we 'ere long shall conquer too.
- 5 Tho' all the songs of saints in light,  
 Are far beneath his matchless worth,  
 His grace is such he will not slight,  
 The poor attempts of worms on earth.

## H Y M N XLV.

- 1 FAITH's a convincing proof,  
 A substance, sound and sure,  
 That keeps the Soul secure enough,  
 But makes it not secure.
- 2 Notion's the harlot's test,  
 By which the Truth's revil'd,  
 The child of fancy, finely drest,  
 But not the living child.
- 3 Faith is by knowledge fed,  
 And with obedience mixt ;  
 Notion is empty, cold and dead,  
 And fancy's never fixt.

- 4 Opinions in the head,  
 True faith as far excels,  
 As substance differs from a shade,  
 Or kernels from the shells.

## H Y M N XLVI.

- 1 **W**HAT makes mistaken men afraid  
 Of sov'reign Grace to preach?  
 The reason is (if truth be said)  
 Because they are so rich?
- 2 Why so offensive in their eyes,  
 Doth God's Election seem?  
 Because they think themselves so wise,  
 That they have chosen him.
- 3 Of perseverance, why so loth  
 Are some to speak, or hear?  
 Because, as masters, over sloth,  
 They vow to persevere.
- 4 Not so the needy helpless soul  
 Prefers his humble prayer;  
 He looks to him that works the whole,  
 And seeks his treasure there.
- 5 His language is, " Let me, my God,  
 On sov'reign grace rely ;  
 And own 'tis free, because bestow'd  
 On one so vile as I.

E

" ELECTION !

"ELECTION! 'Tis a word divine!  
 For, Lord, I plainly see,  
 Had not thy choice prevented mine,  
 I ne'er had chosen thee.

"For *Perseverance*, strength I've none,  
 But would on this depend;  
*That Jesus having lov'd his own,*  
*He lov'd them to the End.*

### H Y M N XLVII.

- 1 WHO shall thy people, Lord, remove,  
 From thy divine unchanging Love?  
 Or what shall over them prevail,  
 To make thy settled purpose fail?
- 2 Shall tribulation, or distress,  
 Famine, or cold, or nakedness?  
 Or shall the persecutor's sword,  
 Turn them from following CHRIST the Lord?
- 3 Yea more than conq'rors are we,  
 Through Him that lov'd our souls so free;  
 For through the fire, and through the flood,  
 He'll bring us safely home to God.
- 4 Nor heighth, nor depth, nor aught beside,  
 Shall ever CHRIST from us divide;  
 Or turn away the Love of God  
 From souls made white by Jesu's blood.

HYMN



## H Y M N XLVIII.

- 1 JESUS, we bleſs thy Father's name,  
Thy God and ours are both the ſame :  
What heavenly bleſſings from his throne,  
Flow down to finners through his Son !
- 2 " CHRIST, be my firſt Eleſt : " he ſaid,  
And choſe our ſouls in CHRIST our head,  
Before he gave the mountains birth,  
Or laid foundations for the Earth.
- 3 With CHRIST our Lord we ſhare our part,  
In the affections of his heart ;  
Nor ſhall our ſouls be thence remov'd,  
Till he forgets his firſt-belov'd.

## H Y M N XLIX.

- 1 A Glance from heaven, with ſweet effect,  
Sometimes my penſive ſpirit cheers,  
But, ere I can my thoughts collect,  
As ſuddenly it diſappears.
- 2 So light'ning in the gloom of night  
Affords a momentary day,  
Diſcloſing objects full in fight,  
Which ſoon as ſeen are ſnatch'd away.
- 3 The lightning's ſaſh did not create  
The op'ning proſpect it reveal'd ;  
But only ſhew'd the real ſtate  
Of what the darkneſs had conceal'd :

- 4 Just so we by a glimpse discern  
The glorious things within the veil,  
That when in darkness we may learn  
To live by faith till light prevail.
- 5 The Lord's great day will soon advance,  
Dispersing all the shades of night,  
Then we no more shall need a glance,  
But see by an eternal light.

## H Y M N L.

- 1 GOD moves in a mysterious way  
His wonders to perform;  
He plants his footsteps in the sea,  
And rides upon the storm.
- 2 In deep unfathomable mines  
Of never-failing skill,  
He treasures up his bright designs,  
And works his sov'reign will.
- 3 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,  
But trust him for his grace;  
Behind a frowning Providence,  
He hides a smiling face.
- 4 His purposes will ripen fast,  
Unfolding every hour;  
The bud may have a bitter taste,  
But sweet will be the flower.
- 5 Blind unbelief is sure to err,  
And scan his work in vain;

God

God is his own interpreter,  
And he will make it plain.

## H Y M N I.I.

- 1 **H**AIL, sov'reign Love, that first began  
The way to rescue fallen Man!  
Hail, matchless, free, eternal Grace,  
That gave my soul a hiding place !
- 2 Enwapt in thick Egyptian night,  
And fond of darkness more than light,  
Madly I ran the sinful race ;  
Knew nothing of a hiding-place.
- 3 But thus th' eternal council ran,  
" Almighty Love, arrest that man !"  
I felt the arrows of distress,  
And thought I had no hiding-place.
- 4 Ere long, a heavenly voice I heard,  
And Mercy's angel form appear'd ;  
She led me on, with rapid pace,  
To JESUS, as my hiding-place.
- 5 Should storms of awful thunder roll,  
And lightnings dart from pole to pole,  
No flaming bolt can daunt my face.  
For JESUS is my hiding place.
- 6 On Him almighty vengeance fell,  
That must have sunk my soul to hell ;  
He bore it for his sinful race,  
And thus became a hiding-place.

- 6 A few more rolling suns, at most,  
Will land me safe on Canaan's coast,  
Where I shall sing the song of grace,  
And see my glorious Hiding-place.

H Y M N LII.

- 1 A Man there is, a real Man,  
With wounds still gaping wide,  
From which rich streams of blood once ran,  
In hands, and feet, and side.
- 2 'Tis no wild fancy of our brains,  
No metaphor we speak ;  
The same dear man in heaven now reigns,  
That suffer'd for our sake.
- 3 This wondrous man, of whom we tell,  
Is true Almighty God :  
He bought our souls from death and hell ;  
The price—his own heart's blood !
- 4 That human heart he still retains,  
Though throne'd in highest bliss,  
And feels each tempted Member's pains,  
For our Affliction's his.

H Y M N LIII.

- 1 JESUS ! thy Blood and Righteousness,  
Thy beauties are ; my glorious dress ;  
Midst flaming worlds in these array'd,  
With joy shall I lift up my head.

2 When

- 2 When from the dust of earth I rise,  
To claim my mansion in the skies;  
E'en then shall this be all my plea,  
" Jesus hath died, and lives for me !"
- 3 Bold shall I stand in that great day,  
For who aught to my charge shall lay,  
Fully through thee absolv'd I am,  
From sin and fear, from guilt and shame.
- 4 This spotless robe the same appears,  
When ruin'd nature sinks in years :  
No age can change its glorious hue :  
The Love of Christ is ever new,
- 5 O may the dead now hear thy voice !  
O bid thy banish'd ones rejoice !  
Their beauty this, their glorious dress,  
Jesus, the Lord our righteousness.

## H Y M N LIV.

- 1 JOY is a fruit that will not grow,  
In Nature's barren soil ;  
All we can boast, till Christ we know,  
Is vanity and toil.
- 2 But when the Lord has planted grace,  
And made his glories known,  
Then fruits of heavenly joy and peace,  
Are found, and then alone.

- 3 A bleeding Saviour, felt by faith,  
A sense of pard'ning love ;  
An hope that triumphs over death,  
Give joys like those above.

H Y M N LV.

- 1 **B**LEST is the man whose bowels move,  
And melt with pity to the poor ;  
Whose soul by sympathizing love,  
Feels what his fellow-saints endure.
- 2 His heart contrives for their relief,  
More good than his own hands can do ;  
He, in the time of gen'ral grief,  
Shall find the Lord has bowels too,
- 3 His soul shall live secure on earth,  
With secret blessings on his head,  
When drought, and pestilence, and dearth,  
Around him multiply their dead.

H Y M N LVI.

- 1 **I**N ev'ry trouble sharp and strong,  
My soul to Jesus flies,  
My anchor-hold is firm in him,  
When swelling billows rise.
- 2 His comforts bear my spirits up,  
I trust a faithful God,  
The sure foundation of my hope,  
Is in a Saviour's Blood.



- 3 Nor death nor hell shall ere remove  
 His fav'rites from his breast;  
 In the dear bosom of his love  
 They must forever rest.

## H Y M N LVII.

- 1 **O**H in compassion, Lord, descend,  
 Make known thy goodness here;  
 And while we thus thy courts attend,  
 O give the hearing ear!
- 2 Thy servant, Lord vouchsafe to bless,  
 With knowledge, love and zeal;  
 May he thy will, O God, express;  
 Thy presence may he feel.
- 3 May power the mind from darkness free,  
 And on the heart remain,  
 Then not a soul that waits on thee,  
 Will wait on thee in vain.

## H Y M N LVIII.

- 1 **M**ORE piercing than the eagle's sight,  
 Faith views the world unknown,  
 Surveys the glorious realms of light,  
 And Jesus on the throne.
- 2 It hears the mighty voice of God,  
 And ponders what he saith;  
 His word and works, his gift and rod,  
 Have each a voice to Faith.

3 It

- 3 It feels the touch of heavenly power,  
And from that boundless source,  
Derives fresh vigor in that hour  
To run its daily course.
- 4 It smells the dear Redeemer's Name,  
Like ointment poured forth ;  
Faith only knows or can proclaim,  
Its favour or its worth.
- 5 Before true Faith possesses the mind,  
In vain of sense we boast ;  
'Till then we're senseless, tasteless, blind,  
And deaf, and dead, and lost.

## H Y M N LIX.

- 1 **O**H thou fount of ev'ry blessing,  
Tune my heart to sing thy grace ;  
Streams of mercy never ceasing,  
Call for songs of loudest praise :  
Teach me some melodious sonnet,  
Sung by flaming tongues above,  
Praise the mount :—I'm fix'd upon it ;  
Mount of God's unchanging Love !
- 2 Here I'd raise my Ebenezer,  
Hither by thine help I'm come ;  
And I hope by thy good pleasure,  
Safely to arrive at home.

JESUS

JESUS fought me when a stranger,  
Wand'ring from the fold of God ;  
He to rescue me from danger,  
Interpos'd with precious Blood.

- 3 Oh ! to grace how great a debtor  
Daily I'm constrain'd to be !  
May thy grace Lord, like a fetter,  
Bind my wand'ring heart to thee :  
Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it,  
Prone to leave the God of love,  
Here's my heart, Oh ! take and seal it,  
Seal it for thy courts above.

## H Y M N LX.

- 1 **N**OW in thy Praise, eternal King,  
Be all thy saints employ'd,  
Whilst of this precious truth they sing,  
“ Cast down but not destroy'd !”
- 2 Oft the united powers of hell  
Their souls have sore annoy'd,  
And yet they live this truth to tell,  
“ Cast down, but not destroy'd !”
- 3 In all the paths thro' which they've past,  
What mercies they've enjoy'd ;  
And this shall be their song at last,  
“ Cast down, but not destroy'd !”

2 When

- 4 When Saints with God, in heaven appear,  
 There they shall him adore ;  
 Destroy'd shall be their sin and fear,  
 And they cast down no more.

## H Y M N LXI.

- 1 JESUS, my All to Heaven is gone,  
 Him whom I fix my hopes upon :  
 His track I see, and shall pursue  
 The narrow way, till Him I view.
- 2 The way the holy Prophets went,  
 The road that leads from banishment ;  
 The king's highway of holiness ;  
 O ! may I go : his paths are peace.
- 3 No stranger may proceed therein,  
 No lover of the world or sin :  
 No lion, no devouring care ;  
 No sin or sorrow shall be there.
- 4 No nothing may go up thereon  
 But trav'ling souls : Lord, am I one ?  
 Wayfaring men to Canaan bound,  
 Shall only in that Way be found.

## H Y M N LXII.

- 1 O My Lamb, and kind Redeemer,  
 Thou art all in all to me !  
 Loving, merciful and tender,  
 I have found my Lord to be.

- 2 All my sins he hath forgiven,  
All my curse he took away ;  
My dear Lord is all my heaven,  
All along my endless day.
- 3 Jesus he did love me freely,  
Freely fixt his love on me ;  
Freely said, I have forgiven,  
All thy sins eternally.
- 4 They no more shall be remember'd,  
Ever shall forgotten be ;  
This I in the Lord believed,  
I am now redeem'd and free.
- 5 In my Lord I was beloved,  
E're the world by him was made ;  
And in him I'm undefiled,  
Spotless in the Lamb, my head,
- 6 O my Lord, I'd own thee ever,  
As my all-sufficient good ;  
While I live I'd bow and wonder,  
At the fountain of thy blood.
- 7 Here I'll wait for thy last coming ;  
Then caught up to be with thee,  
O my Lord, the thought is striking !—  
What will then thy presence be ?

G

HYMN

## H Y M N LXIII.

- 1 **M**AY all the chosen saints of God,  
Whose souls are wash'd in Jesu's blood,  
Hear what he says, (his word is true);  
" My grace sufficient is for you."
- 2 I am your great Almighty friend,  
Who loving—loves you to the end;  
I will be near you, and will shew,  
" My grace sufficient is for you."
- 3 I know how numerous are your foes;  
I know the strength with which they 'ppose;  
I know their cunning malice too:  
" My grace sufficient is for you."
- 4 Tho' Satan strives your souls t' ensnare;  
You're still the objects of my care;  
You're near my heart, I'll bring you through—  
" My grace sufficient is for you."
- 5 Behold the throng in triumph sweet,  
Lay all their honours at my feet;  
Then join their praise, and trust me now,  
" My grace sufficient is for you."

## H Y M N LXIV.

- 1 **W**HO shall condemn the sons of God?—  
The purchase of the Saviour's Blood?  
Though Satan to condemn them tried,  
Through Jesus they are justified.

2 Who



- 2 Who shall condemn the chosen race?  
The objects of Gods sov'reign grace?  
They in distress to Christ applied,  
And through him they are justified.
- 3 Who shall condemn returning saints  
That come to God with their complaints,  
Distrest, and halt, and blind beside?  
Through JESUS they are justified.
- 4 Who shall condemn; since Christ was slain  
Both peace and pardon to obtain?  
Christ for his saints was crucified,  
And they through him are justified.
- 5 The Law has no condemning power,  
Satan cannot the saints devour;  
They stand compleat by JESUS' side,  
They all through CHRIST are justified.
- 6 Christ wrought out righteousness for them;  
Then who are those that can condemn?  
By them be earth and hell defied;  
They stand in JESUS justified.

H Y M N LXV.

- 1 O LORD draw all our hearts to thee,  
And cause us all like one to be;  
May each to each their friendship prove,  
Lord, thus may we each other love!

2 Let

- 2 Let no discord amongst us rise,  
Make us each others wellfare prize,  
Our care for each let no one move :  
Continue each to each in Love,
- 3 Lord, may we for each other pray,  
And constantly from day to day,  
Until we join the host above :  
Lord, thus establish us in Love.
- 4 Lord, do thou build each of us up,  
In precious faith, with gospel hope;  
Let us not from each other rove,  
Unite us firm in christian Love.
- 5 Did Christ for us resign his breath ?  
Yes, Jesus lov'd us unto death ?  
Thus love and pity Christ did move,  
Then let us all each other love.

## H Y M N LXVI.

- 1 **M**Y weakness I lament and moan,  
For sin my soul doth shock,  
But Jesus is my strength alone,  
He is the Lord, my Rock.

2 Thofe

- 2 Those that against my soul combine,  
Are Satan's cruel flock ;  
But Jesus gives me strength divine,  
The Lord, he is my Rock.
- 3 What Rock so high as Christ my King ?  
That mercy did unlock :  
Satan in vain his darts doth fling,  
The Lord, he is my Rock.
- 4 His mercy fills both earth and skies,  
Such is my Saviour's flock ;  
And he my every want supplies,  
He is the Lord my Rock.
- 5 High in salvation on the Lord,  
My foes may rage and mock,  
This does substantial joy afford ;—  
The Lord, he is my Rock:
- 6 My Jesus doth my refuge prove,  
My foes from me to block ;  
He shelters me, through boundless Love,  
He is the Lord, my Rock.

## H Y M N LXVII.

- 1 PLUNG'D we were in sin and shame,  
Immers'd in deep distress,  
But Jesus to our rescue came,  
The Lord our Righteousness.

- 2 His name's transporting to the saints,  
A name they own and bless ;  
For he hath banish'd our complaints,  
The Lord our Righteousness.
- 3 Jesus whose name salvation brings,  
Doth all our needs redress ;  
He is our God, the King of kings ;  
The Lord our righteousness.
- 4 Jesus, whose name affords relief,  
Doth crown us with success,  
His blood's a balm to cure our grief,  
The Lord our righteousness.
- 5 Victorious name ! Jesus our head,  
That Satan did suppress ;  
Hath all hells powr's captive led :  
The Lord our Righteousness.
- 9 Exalted name, without a flaw,  
Ye saints, his love express :  
Jesus hath magnified the Law,  
The Lord our Righteousness.

# H Y M N LXVIII.

- 1 **W**HAT we have heard, O Lord, apply  
With power to each heart ;  
And from the same our wants supply,  
When we from hence depart.

- 2 A parting blessing to us give,  
 Dismiss us in thy love ;  
 That when we part we may receive,  
 Thy blessings from above.
- 3 May we when we depart this place,  
 In mind continue one,  
 Supported Lord, by every grace,  
 That flows through Christ thy Son.

## H Y M N LXIX.

1 **W**HEN the Eternal loud did call,  
 Who will save man, if man should fall ?  
 Then Christ stepped forth, love did compel,  
 Our Jesus to do all things well.

2 Then when mankind created were,  
 And fell into the Fowler's snare,  
 Our God this glorious news did tell,  
 That Jesus should do all things well.

3 That he should bruise the serpent's head,  
 And o'er the pow'rs of darkness tread ;  
 The Prophets on this theme did dwell,  
 That Jesus should do all things well.

4 And when the time appointed came,  
 The Lord of glory, Christ by name,  
 Came down from heaven on earth to dwell,  
 For sinners to do all things well.

5 He

- 5 He came to expiate our sin,  
And righteousness compleat bring in,  
'Tis done, he's conquer'd death and hell,  
Our Jesus has done all things well.
- 6 In blifs for us he intercedes,  
Our right through him he claims and pleads,  
Eternal praise our notes shall swell,  
That Jesus hath done all things well.

## H Y M N LXX.

- 1 **W**HOM have I, Lord, in heav'n above,  
That unto me like thee doth prove?  
Before all things thee I'd adore,  
Thy mercy, ever doth endure.
- 2 Or who do I desire on earth,  
Although of most exalted birth?  
They have not grace like thee in store,  
Thy mercy, ever doth endure.
- 3 Jesus thy grace exceeds my thought,  
My soul from ruin thou hast brought;  
O that I could but love thee more!  
Thy mercy ever doth endure.
- 4 When I against thee did rebel,  
Led captive by the Prince of Hell,  
Then stopt was I grace to implore,  
Thy mercy ever doth endure.



- 5 Thy spirit led me then to see,  
That I redemption had in thee;  
Through thee he seal'd my pardon sure  
Thy mercy ever doth endure.
- 6 In sad temptation's gloomy hour,  
I am supported by thy pow'r;  
Victorious then I prove: therefore  
Thy mercy ever doth endure.
- 7 Through thee, when time with me shall end,  
To Realms of bliss I shall ascend,  
Eternally with thee secure:  
Thy mercy ever doth endure.

## H Y M N LXXI.

- 1 **I**N Justice God his saints behold,  
In Christ compleat they stand;  
That Justice mercy doth Unfold,  
Through Jesu's saving hand.
- 2 In them he never saw no sin,  
But view'd it in their head;  
A covenant Christ once enter'd in,  
To stand forth in their stead.
- 3 Thus God in justice cannot have  
Against his saints a bar;  
For Christ the Lord his own doth save,  
In him they righteous are.

4 Yet

- 4 Yet his omniscient eye surveys  
 The secret of each heart,  
 And oft his judgments he displays,  
 His mercy to impart.

## H Y M N LXXII.

- 1 **B**EHOLD, ye saints, the great God-Man  
 That did compleat salvation's plan!  
 Whose matchless grace salvation brings  
 The Lord of Lords, and King of Kings!
- 2 View him replete with every grace,  
 With mercy beaming in his face;  
 The great Creator of all things,  
 The Lord of Lords, and King of Kings,
- 3 In Zion he has fixt his throne,  
 To all his saints his grace is known;  
 The chosen of his mercy sings,  
 The Lord of Lords, and King of Kings!
- 4 When earth and hell exert their power  
 The saints to tempt, and to devour,  
 Jesus descends on mercy's wings,  
 The Lord of Lords, and King of Kings!

5 He by his sov'reign power and might,  
The tempter soon doth put to flight;  
Each saint through Christ the conquest wins,  
The Lord of Lords, and King of Kings !

6 He universal power maintains,  
King over earth and hell he reigns,  
With JESU'S praise all heaven rings,  
The Lord of Lords, and King of Kings !

# H Y M N I.XXIII.

THY Maker is the mighty God,  
JESUS, the Incarnate Word;  
He thy Husband dear became,  
The Lord of Hosts, it is his name,

Thy Redeemer saves from hell,  
The Holy One of Israel:  
He to ransom thee was slain,  
The Lord of Hosts, it is his name,

Yes, thy Husband groan'd and died,  
He for thee was crucified;  
He thy pardon did obtain;  
The Lord of Hosts it is his name.

5 H He chose thee his Bride to be,  
And from Satan set thee free;  
As his right he you doth claim,  
The Lord of Hosts, it is his name.

5 You

- 5 You of him, your Lord, possess,  
 Purè, unspotted Righteousness,  
 Which covers all your filth and shame,  
 The Lord of Hosts, it is his Name.
- 6 He thy Husband will oppose,  
 All thy cruel, raging foes ;  
 Spread abroad his matchless fame,  
 The Lord of Hosts, it is his name.

## H Y M N LXXIV.

- 1 **D**EAD is the Saint, and dead the Soul,  
 Which Jesus enters to make whole ;  
 Dead to the world, and dead to sin,  
 Dead to the Law and Self within.
- 2 Tho' dead alive, and most secure ;  
 His life is hid, and therefore sure ;  
 He lives in Christ, in Christ with God ;  
 He lives in peace, yet lives by Blood.
- 3 His life is hid, but is not lost ;  
 'Tis hid, but where ? Thou Jesus know'st :  
 His life is hid, we hear, and true :  
 'Tis hid, believer, well for you !
- 4 Satan may rage, the world annoy,  
 But neither can this life destroy ;  
 That's safely lodg'd in Jesu's Breast ;  
 His People's refuge, Christian's Rest.

## H Y M N LXXV.

- 1 NOT all the shining hosts above,  
 In all their songs, sufficient prove  
 To set forth JESU's matchless praise,  
 Or his transcendent glories raise.
- 2 Can I asham'd of JESUS stand,  
 When all the blest angelic band  
 Are happy always to express  
 His Praise, his Truth, and Righteousness ?
- 3 Can I asham'd of JESUS be,  
 Who by his blood redeemed me ?  
 No rather let me stand with shame,  
 That I no more his Praise proclaim.
- 4 Asham'd of CHRIST, the mighty God ?  
 The head of grace, the chiefest good ?  
 No : let both men and devils roar !  
 I'd be asham'd of CHRIST no more.
- 5 Asham'd of JESUS, or his Cause,  
 His Gospel, People, or his Laws ?  
 No : I on JESUS would rely,  
 Thro' time and to eternity.

H

HYMN

## H Y M N LXXVI.

- 1 **J**EHOVAH, JESUS CHRIST, my God,  
My great Redeemer, most divine,  
Saith to the purchase of his Blood,  
I have redeem'd thee, thou art mine.
- 2 Myself I for thy ransom gave,  
And you in realms of bliss shall shine ;  
From Law and Justice you I'll save :  
I have redeem'd thee : Thou art mine.
- 3 To expiate thy sins for thee,  
And make compleat Salvation thine ;  
I died for thee upon the Tree,  
I have redeem'd thee, Thou art mine.
- 4 I have transgression finished,  
On my free grace thy soul recline ;  
I ended sin, and for thee bled,  
I have redeem'd thee, Thou art mine.
- 4 Mercy and Truth in me did meet,  
While Peace and Righteousness did join, -  
And harmoniz'd with kisses sweet ;  
I have redeem'd thee, Thou art mine.
- 6 I have redeem'd thee unto God,  
From all thy foes that did combine  
To plunge thee in thy sins and blood :  
I have redeem'd thee, Thou art mine.



## H Y M N LXXVII.

- 1 **T**HE light of nature doth afford  
     A glimpse of its creating Lord,  
 But by a more celestial light  
 I walk ; by Faith, and not by fight.
- 2 But Nature never can unfold,  
 What I through Jesu's grace behold,  
 Amidst the world and Satan's spite,  
 I walk ; by Faith, and not by fight.
- 3 By Jesu's Blood I'm justified,  
 And feel his saving grace applied ;  
 By faith to him I'd take my flight,  
 And walk by faith, and not by fight.
- 4 By Faith God reconcil'd I see,  
 And view Christ crucified for me,  
 To him my chief supreme delight :  
 I walk by faith, and not by fight.

## H Y M N LXXVIII.

- 1 **M**OST merciful and gracious Lord,  
     This blessing to us give,  
 To feel what thou say'st in thy Word,  
     That they who hear shall live.
- 2 Thy blessings, Lord, to thine impart,  
     Let us thy grace receive ;  
 Impress thy word on every heart,  
     That they who hear shall live.

- 3 Lord, let thy presence fill this place,  
 Our waiting souls relieve;  
 Then we shall know, through thy rich grace,  
 That they who hear shall live.
- 4 Lord, ev'ry wandering thought remove,  
 They strive our souls to grieve;  
 O may we by experience prove  
 That they who hear shall live.

## H Y M N LXXIX:

- 1 **O**NCE we were Satan's captives led,  
 But CHRIST for our Redemption bled;  
 The ransom price by CHRIST is paid,  
 And we the heirs of grace were made.
- 2 We are the City of the Lord,  
 The citizens of the great God;  
 Great plenty amongst his is found,  
 Their stock of Grace in Christ abound.
- 2 Salvation all around them spread  
 A wall to screen them from their dread,  
 A city that hath armour bright,  
 To curb the Tempter's rage and spite.
- 3 A City God will not forsake,  
 But for his portion it doth take,  
 In which the streams of grace o'erflow,  
 Streams which no other city know.

- 5 Mountains and hills shall all depart,  
But this great city shall not start,  
The Lord his people keeps secure,  
They shall eternally endure.

## H Y M N LXXX.

- 1 **T**O Praise the great Incarnate Word,  
The self-existent mighty God,  
Who bore our sins, our shame, and curse,  
The Love of Christ constraineth us.
- 2 To God he us did reconcile,  
Through him our God on us doth smile.  
To make his mercy all our trust ;—  
The Love of Christ constraineth us.
- 3 Through him our great salvation came,  
Who can but love his charming name ?  
Since Christ our bonds of sin did burst :  
The Love of Christ constraineth us.
- 4 To wrestle and to fight, and pray,  
In Jesu's strength from day to day,  
Though men and devils at us thrust ;  
The love of Christ constraineth us.
- 5 If worldlings ask, why we deny  
Ourselves of this world's vanity,  
Live to our God through Christ we must,  
The Love of Christ constraineth us.

- 6 Ten thousand praises are his due ;  
 And if the world should ask of you,  
 Why we should love our Jesus thus :  
 The love of Christ constraineth us.

## HYMN LXXXI.

- 1 **L**ONG in the world I went astray,  
 In sin's deceitful crooked way,  
 Christ fought me out, and sav'd I am,  
 And now I'll sing worthy the Lamb !
- 2 Draw me, dear Lord, is now my cry,  
 Draw me from sin and vanity ;  
 Draw me to thee, thou great I AM,  
 And I shall sing, worthy the Lamb !
- 3 Lord, draw me by thy spirit's grace,  
 To seek the beauties of thy face :  
 As Mediator, God and man :  
 That I may sing, worthy the Lamb !
- 4 Draw me with cords of boundless Love,  
 Draw me to thy blest courts above ;  
 Then I with holy raptures can  
 Most sweetly sing, Worthy the Lamb !

There

- 6 There all the ransom'd blood-bought throng,  
Will join the blest triumphant song ;  
With praise to him, the great GOD-MAN,  
All Heav'n will sound, " Worthy the Lamb."

## H Y M N LXXXII.

- 1 **T**HRI**C**E happy souls, who call'd by grace,  
The sacred truths of God embrace !  
Jehovah's highly favour'd Flock,  
Securely fixt on Christ the Rock.
- 2 Though men and devils rage and roar,  
And on them all their fury pour ;  
Through grace they shall withstand the shock,  
For they are built on Christ the Rock.
- 3 Although temptation's billows roll,  
And threaten death to every soul,  
They are supplied from mercy's stock ;  
Which keeps them safe on Christ their Rock.
- 4 Corruptions like a swelling flood,  
May beat against the Child of God ;  
While worldlings them deride and mock,  
Yet they are safe on Christ their Rock.
- 5 Renew'd by grace of heavenly birth,  
They leave the trifling toys of earth,  
The Lord from them their foes will block:  
Through grace they stand on Christ their Rock.

HYMN

## H Y M N LXXXIII.

- 1 **M**Y sins are of the deepest die  
That all polluted, Lord, am I,  
You through my blood shall cleansed be,  
My grace sufficient is for thee.
- 2 But, Lord, no righteousness I have,  
Lord, canst thou such a sinner save?  
Soul, make my righteousness thy plea,  
My grace, sufficient is for thee.
- 3 But while I plead thy merits, Lord,  
From thee my thoughts rove far abroad :  
If you with sin can not agree,  
My Grace sufficient is for thee.
- 4 But oft I feel the Tempter's Pow'r ;—  
Soul, Satan shall not thee devour ;  
You through eternity shall see,  
My grace, sufficient was for thee.

## H Y M N LXXXIV.

- 1 **L**ORD, I am thine : tho' thou wilt prove,  
Both faith, and patience, hope and love ;  
The men of spite against me join,  
They are the sword, the hand is thine.
- 2 Their hope and portion lie below ;  
'Tis all the happiness they know,  
'Tis all they seek : they take their shares,  
And leave the rest among their heirs.

3 What



- 3 What some men value, I resign,  
 Lord, 'tis enough that thou art mine;  
 I shall behold thy blisful face,  
 And stand complete in righteousness.
- 4 This life's a dream, an empty show;  
 But the bright world to which I go  
 Hath joys substantial and sincere;  
 When shall I wake and find me there?
- 5 O glorious hour! O blest abode!  
 I shall be near, and like my God!  
 And flesh and sin no more controul  
 The sacred pleasures of the soul.
- 6 My flesh shall slumber in the ground,  
 'Till the last trumpet's joyful sound;  
 Then burst the chains without surprize,  
 And in my Saviour's image rise;

## H Y M N LXXXV.

- 1 **B**LEST are the souls that feel and know,  
 The Gospel's joyful sound;  
 Peace doth attend the path they go,  
 And light their steps around.
- 2 Their joy shall bear their spirits up,  
 Through their Redeemer's name:  
 His righteousness exalts their hope,  
 Nor Satan can't condemn.

3 The

- 3 The Lord our glory and defence,  
Strength and Salvation gives :  
Isr'el, thy King for ever reigns,  
Thy God forever lives.

## H Y M N LXXXVI.

- 1 SWEET is the work, my God, my King,  
To praise thy name, give thanks and sing  
To feel thy love by morning light,  
And talk of all thy truth at night.
- 2 Sweet is the day of sacred rest,  
No mortal care should seize my breast ;  
Oh make my heart in praise to sound,  
That praise which David oftimes found.
- 3 My heart should triumph in my Lord,  
And bless his works, and bless his word :  
His works of grace, how bright they shine,  
How deep his counsel, how divine !
- 4 Lord, I shall see, and hear, and know,  
All I desir'd or wish'd below ;  
Then every power find sweet employ,  
In that eternal world of joy.

## H Y M N LXXXVII.

- 1 FROM all the saints below the skies,  
May the Creator's praise arise ;  
May the Redeemer's name be sung,  
Thro' every land, by ev'ry tongue.

2 Etern

- 2 Eternal are thy mercies Lord ;  
 Eternal truth attends thy word :  
 Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore  
 Till Suns shall rise and set no more.

## H Y M N LXXXVIII.

- 1 **W**HO shall the Lord's Elect condemn ?  
 'Tis God that justifies their souls ;  
 And mercy like a mighty stream,  
 O'er all their sins divinely rolls.
- 2 Who shall adjudge the saints to hell ?  
 'Tis Christ that suffer'd in their stead ;  
 And their salvation to fulfil,  
 Behold him rising from the dead !
- 3 He lives ! He lives ! and sits above,  
 For ever interceding there ;  
 Who shall divide us from his love ?  
 Or what should tempt us to despair ?
- 4 Christ hath an overcoming power,  
 Triumphant in a dying hour,  
 Christ is our life, our joy, our hope ;  
 Nor can we sink with such a prop.
- 5 Not all that men on earth can do,  
 Nor powers on high, nor powers below,  
 Shall cause his mercy to remove,  
 Or wean our hearts from CHRIST, our love.

HYMN

## H Y M N LXXXIX.

- 1 **T**HOU, whom my soul admires above,  
All earthly joy and earthly love,  
Tell me, dear Shepherd, let me know,  
Where doth thy sweetest pasture grow ?
- 2 Where is the shadow of that rock,  
That from the sun defends thy flock ?  
Fain would I feed among thy sheep,  
Among them rest, among them sleep.
- 3 Why should thy bride appear like one !  
That turns aside to paths unknown ?  
My constant feet would never rove,  
Would never seek another love.
- 4 The footsteps of thy flock I see,  
Thy sweetest pastures, here they be !  
A wond'rous feast thy love prepares,  
Bought with thy wounds, and groans, and tears :
- 5 His dearest flesh he makes my food,  
And bids me drink his precious blood :  
Here to these hills my soul will come,  
Till my beloved leads me home.

## H Y M N XC.

- 1 **T**HE voice of my beloved sounds  
Over the rocks and rising grounds ;  
O'er hills of guilt, and seas of grief,  
He leaps, he flies to my relief.

2 Now

- 2 Now thro' the veil of flesh, I see,  
With eyes of love he looks at me;  
Now in the gospel's clearest glass,  
He shews the beauties of his face.
- 3 Gently he draws my heart along,  
Both with his beauties and his tongue;  
' Rise,' saith my Lord, ' make haste away :  
' No mortal joys are worth thy stay.
- 4 ' The Jewish wint'ry state is gone,  
' The mists are fled, the spring comes on ;  
' The sacred turtle-dove we hear,  
' Proclaim the new, the joyful year.
- 5 ' Th' immortal vine of heavenly root  
' Blossoms and buds, and gives her fruit.'  
Lo, we are come to taste the wine;  
Our souls rejoice, and bless the vine.
- 6 And when we hear our Jesus say,  
Rise up, my love, make haste away,  
Our heart would fain out-fly the wind,  
And leave all earthly loves behind.

## H Y M N XCI.

1 AS Jesus is ours, we have a true Friend,  
Soul-sickness he cures ; who on him depend,  
Our comforts do vary, all things may decline,  
You cannot miscarry, your aid's all divine.

I

2 Our

- 2 Our Saviour is kind, however, we see ;  
 Tho 'tis our reply, " There's nothing in me ;"  
 He lov'd us most freely, which Love has no end,  
 We cannot miscarry since CHRIST is our friend.
- 3 There's none can remove his love from poor me ;  
 He follow'd me close, amazing to see !  
 He knew of my misery, and for me he died ;  
 They cannot miscarry who in him confide.
- 4 Whatever we need, in Christ it abounds,  
 And we are inform'd we live thro' his wounds ;  
 There's blessings, and mercies, and all things we  
 need ;  
 We cannot miscarry, CHRIST loves us indeed,
- 5 His mercy and love are wond'rous to me ;  
 I once was estranged, yet happy shall be:  
 Deliver'd from sinning, and that evermore,  
 They cannot miscarry that Jesus adore.

## H Y M N XCII.

- 1 WE are a garden wall'd around,  
 Chosen and made peculiar ground ;  
 A little spot inclos'd by grace,  
 Out of the world's wild wilderiness.
- 2 Like trees of myrrh and spice we stand,  
 Planted by God the Father's hand ;  
 And all the springs in Sion flow,  
 To make the young plantation grow.

3 Awake



- 3 Awake, O heavenly wind ! and come,  
Blow on this garden of Perfume ;  
Spirit divine ! descend, and breathe  
A gracious gale on plants beneath.
- 4 Let my Beloved come and taste,  
His pleasant fruits at his own feast ;  
“ I come, my spouse, I come, he cries,  
With love and pleasure in his eyes.
- 5 Our Lord into his garden comes,  
Well-pleas'd to smell our poor perfumes ;  
And calls us to a feast divine,  
Sweeter than honey, milk, or wine.
- 6 Eat of the Tree of life, my friends,  
The blessing that my father sends ;  
Your taste shall all my dainties prove,  
And drink abundance of my love.
- 7 Jesus, we would frequent thy board,  
And sing the bounties of our Lord ;  
But the rich food on which we live  
Demands more praise than we can give.

## HY M N XCIII.

- 1 I'M not asham'd to own my Lord,  
Or to confess his cause,  
Relate the honour of his word,  
The glory of his cross.

- 2 Jesus, my God, I know his name,  
His name is all my trust ;  
Nor will he put my soul to shame,  
Nor let my hope be lost.
- 3 Firm as his throne his promise stands,  
And he has well secur'd  
What I've committed to his hands,  
Till the decisive hour.
- 4 Then will he own my worthless name  
Before his father's face,  
And in the new Jerusalem  
Appoint my soul a place.

### H Y M N XCIV.

- 1 **N**OT the malicious or profane,  
The wanton or the proud,  
Nor thieves, nor slander'rs shall obtain  
The kingdom of Our God.
- 2 But we are wash'd in Jesu's blood,  
And pardon'd thro' the same ;  
And the good spirit of our God  
Sets us apart for him.

HYMN

## H Y M N XCV.

- 1 NOT with our mortal eyes,  
Have we beheld the Lord,  
Yet we rejoice to hear his name,  
And love him in his word.
- 2 On earth we want the sight  
Of our Redeemer's face,  
Yet, Lord our inmost thoughts delight  
To dwell upon thy grace.
- 3 And when we taste thy love,  
Our joys divinely grow  
Unspeakable, like those above,  
And heaven begins below.

## H Y M N XCVI.

- 1 NO more, my God, I boast no more  
Of all the duties I have done ;  
I quit the hopes I held before,  
To trust the merits of thy Son.
- 2 Now for the love I bear his name,  
What was my gain, I count my loss ;  
My former pride I call my shame,  
And nail my glory to his cross.
- 3 Yes, and I must and will esteem  
All things but lost for Jesus' sake :  
And as my soul is found in him,  
It of his righteousness partakes.

- 4 The best obedience of my hands  
Dares not appear before his throne,  
But faith can answer the demand,  
By pleading what my Lord has done.

## H Y M N XCVII.

- 1 WITH joy we meditate the grace  
Of our High-priest above;  
His heart is made of tenderness,  
His bowels melt with love.
- 2 Touch'd with a sympathy within,  
He knows our feeble frame;  
He knows what sore temptations mean,  
For he has felt the same.
- 3 He in the days of feeble flesh  
Pour'd out his cries and tears,  
And, in his measure, feels afresh  
What ev'ry member bears.
- 4 He'll never quench the smoaking flax,  
But raise it to a flame;  
The bruised reed he never breaks,  
Nor scorns the meanest name.

## H Y M N XCVIII.

- 1 FIRMER than earth thy truth shall stand,  
My Lord, my hope, my trust;  
As I am found in Jesus' hands,  
My soul can ne'er be lost.

- 2 His honour is engag'd to save  
 The meanest of his sheep ;  
 All that his heav'nly Father gave,  
 His hands securely keep.
- 3 Nor death, nor hell, shall e'er remove  
 His fav'rites from his breast ;  
 In the dear bosom of his love  
 They must for ever rest.

## H Y M N XCIX.

- 1 **W**HY do we mourn departing friends,  
 Or shake at death's alarms ?  
 Tis but the voice that JESUS sends,  
 To call them to his arms.
- 2 Are we not tending upward too,  
 As fast as time can move ;  
 Nor should we wish the hours more slow,  
 To keep us from our love.
- 3 Why should we tremble to convey  
 Their bodies to the tomb ?  
 There tho dear flesh of JESUS lay,  
 And left a long perfume.
- 4 The graves of all his saints he blest,  
 And soften'd every bed :  
 Where should the sleeping members rest,  
 But with their living head ?
- 5 Thence

- 5 Thence he arose ascending high  
 And shews our feet the way ;  
 Up to the Lord our flesh shall fly  
 At the great rising day.
- 6 Then let the last loud trumpet sound  
 And bid our kindred rise :  
 Awake, ye nations, under ground ;  
 Ye saints, ascend the skies.

## H Y M N C.

- 1 **D**ESCEND from Heav'n immortal Dove,  
 Stoop down, and take us on thy wings,  
 And mount and bear us far above  
 The reach of these inferior things.
- 2 Beyond, beyond this lower sky,  
 Up where eternal ages roll,  
 Where solid pleasures never die,  
 And fruits immortal feast the soul.
- 3 O for a sight, a pleasing sight,  
 Of our almighty Father's throne !  
 There sits our Saviour, crown'd with light,  
 Cloath'd in a body like our own.
- 4 Adoring saints around him stand,  
 And thrones and pow'rs before him fall,  
 The God shines gracious thro' the man  
 And sheds sweet glories on them all.

5 When



- 5 When shall the day, dear Lord, appear  
That I shall mount to dwell above?  
And stand and bow amongst'em there,  
And view thy face, and sing thy love?

H Y M N C I.

1 **T**HOU holy Spirit, heav'nly dove,  
With all thy quick'ning Pow'rs;  
Kindle a flame of sacred love,  
In these cold hearts of ours.

2 O how we grovel here below,  
Engag'd with trifling toys,  
Our souls can neither fly nor go  
To reach eternal joys.

3 In vain we tune our mortal songs,  
In vain we strive to rise,  
Hosannas languish on our tongues  
And our devotion dies.

4 Thou, holy spirit, heav'nly dove,  
With all thy quick'ning pow'rs,  
Give us to feel a Saviour's love,  
And that will kindle ours.

HYMN

## H Y M N CII.

- 1 **O**UR God, how firm his promise stands,  
He never hides his face ;  
He trusts in our Redeemer's hands,  
His glory and his grace.
- 2 Then why, my soul, these sad complaints,  
Since Christ and we are one ?  
Thy God is faithful to his saints,  
Is faithful to his Son.
- 3 Beneath his smiles my heart has liv'd  
And part of heav'n possess'd ;  
I'd praise his name for grace receiv'd,  
And trust him for the rest.

## H Y M N CIII.

- 1 **G**IVE to the Lord a noble song !  
Awake my soul, awake my tongue,  
Hosanna to the eternal Name,  
And all his boundless love proclaim.
- 2 See where it shines in JESUS' face,  
The brightest image of his grace :  
God, in the person of his Son,  
Hath all his mightiest works outdone.
- 3 Grace, 'tis a sweet, a charming theme !  
My thoughts rejoice at Jesu's name :  
The angels, dwell upon the sound,  
Ye heavens, reflect it to the ground.

- 4 But I shall live to reach the place,  
Where he unveils his lovely face,  
And all his beauties then behold,  
And sing his praise to harps of gold.

H Y M N CIV.

- 1 MY God! the spring of all my joys,  
The life of my delights :  
The glory of my brightest days,  
And comfort of my nights.

- 2 In darkest shades if he appear,  
My dawning is begun ;  
He is my soul's sweet Morning star,  
And he my rising sun.

- 3 The opening heavens around me shine,  
With beams of sacred bliss,  
While JESUS shews his heart is mine,  
And whispers I am his.

- 4 My soul shall leave this heavy clay,  
At his transporting Word,  
Run up with joy the shining way,  
T'embrace my dearest Lord.

H Y M N CIII.

- 1 PRAISE, everlasting Praise be paid  
To him that earth's foundations laid,  
Praise

Praise to the God whose strong decrees  
Sway the creation as he please.

- 2 Praise to the goodness of the Lord,  
Who rules his people by his word,  
And there, as strong as his decrees,  
He sets his kindest promises.
- 3 O for a strong and lasting Faith,  
To credit what the Almighty saith:  
To embrace the Message of his Son,  
And call the joys of Heaven our own!
- 4 Then, should the earth's old pillars shake,  
And all the wheels of nature break,  
Our steadfast souls would fear no more  
Than solid rocks when billows roar.
- 5 Our everlasting hopes arise  
Above the perishable skies,  
Where the eternal builder reigns,  
And his own courts his power sustains.

## H Y M N C V I.

- 1 **W**E ardently long, dear Jesus, our love,  
For to be among thy ransom'd above.  
To join in thy concert, and sing thy free grace,  
For saving the vilest of Adam's lost race.

- 2 O had we but wings, to heav'n we'd fly,  
And leave earthly things for mansions on high:  
There we shall be ever from sinning set free,  
There nothing can sever my Jesus from me.
- 3 We nothing can find in this vale of tears,  
But every kind of trouble and cares ;—  
Which always attended the steps we have trod,  
And ne'er will be ended till we are with God.
- 4 Then hasten away our time yet before,  
And bring the blest day, when we shall no more  
Feel hearts that are evil, or sin to molest,  
Quite free from all evil, in heaven be blest.

### H Y M N CVII.

- 1 **T**HE Souls that would to Jesus press,  
Must fix this firm and sure ;  
That Tribulation, more or less,  
They must and shall endure.
- 2 From this there can be none exempt ;  
'Tis God's own wise decree ;  
Satan the weakest saint will tempt ;  
Nor is the strongest free.
- 3 The World opposes from without ;  
And unbelief within :  
We fear, we faint, we grieve, we doubt ;  
And feel the load of sin.

Tho'

- 4 Tho' we are feeble; Christ is strong,  
 His Promises are true.  
 We shall be conqu'rors all, e're long;  
 And more than conqu'rors too.

## H Y M N CVIII.

- 1 **A**ND must it, Lord, be so?  
 And must thy children bear  
 Such various kinds of woe,  
 Such soul-perplexing fear?  
 Are these the tryals we expect?  
 Is this the lot of God's elect?
- 2 How harsh soe'er the way,  
 Dear Saviour still lead on;  
 Enable us to say,  
 "Father thy will be done."  
 At most we do but taste the cup;  
 For thou alone hast drunk it up.
- 3 Shall guilty man complain?  
 Shall sinful dust repine?  
 And what is all our pain,  
 How light compar'd with thine!  
 Compleat, dear Lord, what is begun,  
 Chuse thou the way; but still lead on.

HYMN



## H Y M N C I X.

- 1 OH ! what a narrow, narrow path  
Is that which leads to life !  
Some talk of works, and some of faith,  
With warmth, and zeal, and strife.
- 2 But after all that's said or done,  
Let men think what they will,  
The strength of ev'ry tempted son  
Consists in standing still.
- 3 But for a *living* soul to stand,  
By thousand dangers scar'd,  
And feel destruction close at hand,  
Oh ! this indeed is hard !
- 4 To shun the danger others run,  
To hide they know not where :  
Or tho' they fight, no vict'ry's won :  
They only beat the air.
- 5 Haste grasps at all ; but nothing keeps ;  
Sloth is a dang'rous state :  
And he that flies and he that sleeps,  
Cannot be said to wait.

6 Lord,

- 6 Lord let thy spirit prompt us when,  
To go, and when to stay.  
Attract us with the cords of Love,  
And we shall not delay.
- 7 Give pow'r and will; and then command;  
And we will follow Thee:  
And when we're frighten'd, bid us stand,  
And thy salvation see.

### H Y M N CX.

- 1 GOD thus commanded *Jacob's* seed,  
When, from *Egyptian* Bondage freed,  
He led them by the way;  
Remember, with a mighty hand,  
I brought thee forth from *Pharaoh's* land:  
Then keep my Sabbath-Day.
- 2 To all God's people now remains  
A *Sabbatism*, a rest from pains  
And works of slavish kind.  
When tir'd with toil, and faint thro' fear,  
The child of God can enter here,  
And sweet refreshment find.
- 3 This

- 3 This, and this only, is the way,  
 To rightly keep that Sabbath-Day,  
 Which God has holy made.  
 All keepers that come short of this,  
 The substance of the Sabbath miss ;  
 And grasp an empty shade.

## H Y M N CXI.

- 1 **T**O comprehend the great **THREE-ON**  
 Is more than highest angels can ;  
 Or what the Trinity has done  
 From death and hell to ransom man.
- 2 The Father's love in this we find ;  
 He made his Son our sacrifice.  
 The Son in love his life resign'd ;  
 The Spirit of that Blood applies.
- 3 Thus we the Trinity can praise  
 In unity, thro' Christ our King ;  
 Our grateful hearts and voices raise  
 In faith and love ; while thus we sing.
- 4 **GLORY** to God the Father be ;  
 Because he sent his Son to die.  
 Glory to God the Son ; that He  
 Did with such willingness comply.
- 5 **Glory**

- 5 Glory to God the Holy Ghost,  
Who to our hearts this love reveals.  
Thus God Three-One to sinners lost  
Salvation *sends, procures, and seals.*

## H Y M N CXII:

1 O MY distrustful heart !  
What ? must I always doubt ?  
Still must I feel this smart,  
And thus be toss'd about ?  
Did JESUS once upon me shine ?  
Then JESUS is for ever mine.

2 Immutable his will,  
Whatever is my frame,  
His loving heart is still  
Unchangeably the same :  
My soul thro' many changes goes,  
His love no variation knows.

3 Will he not carry on,  
And perfectly perform  
The work he hath begun  
In me a sinful worm ?  
Can GOD reveal his son in me,  
And cast me off eternally ?

4 The

- 4 The bowels of his grace  
 At first did freely move ;  
 I still behold his face,  
 And feel that God is love ;  
 My soul into his arms I cast,  
 I know I shall be sav'd at last.

## H Y M N CXIII.

- 1 **W**ELL art thou, my Soul, defended,  
 Since the LORD hath set thee free !  
 Since the Saviour hath befriended,  
 And reveal'd himself in me.
- 2 Satan now may sift and try me ;  
 CHRIST will disappoint his Aim :  
 Tho' his Fiery Darts pass by me,  
 I shall not be put to Shame.
- 3 All my inward Consolation  
 Is in Worldly Men's Esteem,  
 Nothing but Imagination,  
 Or a vain delusive Dream.
- 4 Tho' by men I am rejected,  
 Saints and sinners me despise,  
 LORD, by thee alone respected ;  
 I can wipe my weeping eyes.

6 Lord,

- 5 LORD, accomplish my best wishes :  
 With full glory on me shine ;  
 Kifs me with ten thousand kisses,  
 Better is thy love than wine.

## H Y M N CXIV.

- 1 LORD, how little do we know,  
 How little of thy presence feel,  
 While we continue here below,  
 And in these earthly houses dwell !
- 2 When will these veils of flesh remove,  
 And not eclipse our sight of God,  
 When wilt thou take us up above,  
 To see thy face without a cloud ?
- 3 Dart in our hearts a heavenly ray,  
 A ray which still may shine more bright,  
 Increasing to the perfect day,  
 Till we awake in endless light.
- 4 Then shall each star become a sun,  
 Fill'd with a lustre all divine ;  
 Each shall possess a radiant crown,  
 And to eternal ages shine.

## H Y M N CXV.

- 1 JESUS, thy name is sweet to me ;  
 For worlds I would not part from thee :  
 Of all the names in heaven above,  
 There's none so sweet as thine, my love.
- 2 In



In THEE immortal beauties shine,  
 In THEE th' united brethren join ;  
 In THEE all ransom'd souls delight,  
 In THEE thy people's hearts unite.

Thou art our God, and thou alone :  
 May we in Spirit all be one ;  
 One with each other let us be,  
 And one with Christ eternally.

Thy people, Lord, are of one mind,  
 And each to each their hearts are join'd ;  
 Nor earth, nor hell, nor depth nor height,  
 Their fellowship can disunite.

5 Jesus, Jehovah's only Son,  
 With God the Father thou art one ;  
 So are thy children one with Thee,  
 In sweet and endless unity.

6 The world may all in pieces break,  
 And heaven and earth endure a wreck :  
 The Church of Christ for ever stands  
 Immoveable in Jesu's hands.

HYMN

## H Y M N CXVI.

- 1 **T**RYALS and woes of various kinds,  
Attend our nature and our minds;  
Together all shall work for good,  
Unto the chosen bought with blood.
- 2 Some of the Lord's dear chosen saints,  
Do often make their sad complaints;  
The Lord doth try his people much,  
To prove in deed that they are such.
- 3 On whom their Father fix'd his love,  
That they with him might dwell above;  
And they are only travellers here,  
Untill he takes them to his sphere.
- 4 Our God, to shew his foes on earth,  
That saints are born of heavenly birth,  
That they are ransom'd from the grave,  
And everlasting life shall have.
- 5 Try'd and afflicted, Lord, they be,  
But oh ! their comforts flow thro' thee  
His saints with him shall be above,  
To bless and praise redeeming love.

HYMN

## H Y M N CXVII.

1 **W**E blefs the Lord, both juft and good,  
 Who fills our souls with joy and food,  
 Who pours his blessings from the skies,  
 And crowns his faints with rich fupplies.

2 Seasons and Times obey his voice,  
 The ev'ning and the morn rejoice,  
 To fee the earth made foft with fhowers,  
 Laden with fruit and drest with flowers.

3 Let Israel's God be ever bleft,  
 His name eternally confeft ;  
 Let all his faints with full accord,  
 Sing loud Amens, praife ye the Lord.

Thy works pronounce thy power divine,  
 On ev'ry faint thy glories fhine ;  
 Thro' ev'ry month thy gifts appear,  
 Great God ! thy goodness crowns the year.

## H Y M N CXVIII.

1 **I**NCARNATE God ! the foul that knows  
 Thy name's myfterious pow'r,  
 Shall dwell in undifturb'd repofe,  
 Nor fear the trying hour.

2 Thy wisdom, faithfulness, and love,  
 To feeble, helpless worms,  
 A buckler and a refuge prove  
 From enemies and ftorms.

Crosses

- 3 Crosses and changes are their lot;  
 Long as they sojourn here ;  
 But since their Saviour changes not,  
 What have the saints to fear ?

## H Y M N CXIX.

- 1 **T**HAT man no guard or weapons needs,  
 Whose heart the blood of Jesus knows  
 But safe may pass, if Jesus leads,  
 Thro' burning sands or mountain-snows.
- 2 Releas'd from guilt, he feels no fear ;  
 Redemption is his shield and tow'r ;  
 He sees his Saviour always near  
 To help in ev'ry trying hour.
- 3 Tho' I am weak, and Satan strong,  
 Who often to assault me tries ;  
 When Jesus is my shield and song,  
 Abash'd the wolf before me flies.
- 4 His love possessing I am blest,  
 Secure whatever change may come ;  
 Whether I go to East or West:  
 With him I still shall be at home.

## H Y M N CXX.

- 1 **G**LORIOUS things of thee art spoken,  
 Zion, city of our God !  
 He, whose word cannot be broken,  
 Form'd thee for his own abode:

On the rock of ages founded,  
 What can shake thy sure repose ?  
 With salvation's walls surrounded,  
 Thou may'st smile at all thy foes.

2 See ! the streams of living waters  
 Springing from eternal love ;  
 Will supply thy sons and daughters,  
 And all fear of want remove :  
 Who can faint while such a river  
 Ever flows their thirst t'affuage ?  
 Grace, which like the Lord, the giver,  
 Never fails from age to age.

3 Blest inhabitants of Zion,  
 Wash'd in the Redeemer's blood !  
 Jesus, whom their souls rely on,  
 Makes them kings and priests to God :  
 'Tis his love his people raises  
 Over self to reign as kings,  
 And as priests his solemn praises  
 Each for a thank-off'ring brings.

4 Saviour, if of Zion's city  
 I thro' grace a member am ;  
 Let the world deride or pity,  
 I will glory in thy name :  
 Fading is the worlding's pleasure,  
 All his boasted pomp and show ;  
 Solid joys and lasting treasure,  
 None but Zion's children know.

L

HYMN

## H Y M N CXXI.

- 1 **H**EAR what God the Lord hath spoken,  
 " O my people, faint and few ;  
 Comfortless, afflicted, broken,  
 Fair abodes I build for you ;  
 Thorns of heart-felt tribulation,  
 Shall no more perplex your ways ;  
 You shall name your walls, Salvation,  
 And your gates shall all be praise,
- 2 There, like streams that feed the garden,  
 Pleasures without end shall flow :  
 For the Lord, his love regarding,  
 All his bounty doth bestow :  
 Still in undisturb'd possession,  
 Peace and righteousness shall reign ;  
 Never shall you feel oppression;  
 Hear the voice of war again.
- 3 Ye no more your suns descending,  
 Waning moons no more shall see ;  
 But, your griefs for ever ending,  
 Find eternal noon in me :  
 God shall rise, and shining o'er you,  
 Change to day the gloom of night ;  
 He, the Lord, shall be your glory,  
 God your everlasting light."

HYMN



## H Y M N CXXII.

1 **Z**ACCHEUS climb'd the tree,  
 And thought himself unknown :  
 But how surpris'd was he,  
 When Jesus call'd him down !  
 The Lord beheld him, tho' conceal'd,  
 And by a word his pow'r reveal'd.

2 Wonder and joy at once  
 Were painted in his face ;  
 " Doth he my name pronounce,  
 And doth he know my case ?  
 Will Jesus deign with me to dine ?  
 Lord, I with all I have, am thine."

3 Thus where the gospel's preach'd,  
 And finners come to hear,  
 The hearts of some are reach'd,  
 Before they are aware.  
 The word directly speaks to them,  
 And seems to point them out by name.

4 'Tis curiosity,  
 Oft brings them in the way,  
 Only the man to see,  
 And hear what he can say ;  
 But how the sinner starts to find,  
 The preacher knows his inmost mind.

5 His

5 His long-forgotten faults,  
Are brought again in view,  
And all his secret thoughts  
Reveal'd in public too :  
Tho' compass'd with a croud about,  
The searching word has found him out.

6 While thus distressing pain  
And sorrow fills his heart,  
He hears a voice again,  
That bids his fears depart.  
Then like Zaccheus he is blest,  
And Jesus deigns to be his guest.

H Y M N CXXIII.

- 1 SAVIOUR shine and cheer my soul,  
Bid my drooping hopes revive ;  
Make the wounded spirit whole,  
Far away the tempter drive.  
Speak the word and set us free,  
May we live alone to thee.
- 2 Satan asks, and mocks our woe,  
Boaster, where is now your God ?  
Silence Lord this cruel foe :  
Let him know I'm bought with blood ;  
Tell him that I know thy name,  
Tho' I change, thou art the same.

HYMN

## H Y M N CXXIV.

- 1 **D**IVINE Directions, Lord, we need,  
Which thou hast said thou'lt give :  
Divine Directions we implore,  
That to thy praise we live.
- 2 Show us the path we should pursue,  
Thy sov'reign will to trace,  
O ! may we view Eternal Love,  
In every change we pass.

## H Y M N CXXV.

- 1 **J**ESUS, who bought us with his blood,  
And makes our souls his care,  
Was known of old as Israel's God,  
And answer'd Jabez' pray'r.
- 2 Jabez, a child of grief ! the name  
Befits poor sinners well ;  
For Jesus bore the cross and shame,  
To save our souls from hell,
- 3 Teach us, O Lord, like him to plead  
For mercies from above :  
O come, and bless our souls indeed,  
With light, and joy, and love.
- 4 The gospel's promis'd land is wide,  
We fain would enter in ;  
But we are press'd on every side,  
With unbelief and sin.

- 5 Arise, O Lord, enlarge our coast,  
Let us possess the whole,  
That Satan may no longer boast,  
He can thy work controul.
- 6 Oh ! may thy hand be with us still,  
Our guide and guardian be,  
To keep us safe from every ill,  
'Till death shall set us free.
- 7 Help us on thee to cast our care,  
And on thy word to rest,  
That Israel's God, who heareth pray'r,  
Will grant us our request.

H Y M N CXXVI.

- 1 O Happy they who know the Lord,  
With whom he deigns to dwell !  
He feeds and cheers them by his word,  
His arm supports them well.
- 2 To them, in each distressing hour,  
His throne of grace is near ;  
And when they plead his love and pow'r,  
He stands engag'd to hear.
- 3 He help'd his saints in ancient days,  
Who trusted in his name ;  
And we can witness to his praise,  
His love is still the same.

4 Wand'ring

- 4 Wandering in sin, our souls he found,  
And bid us seek his face ;  
Gave us to hear the gospel-sound,  
And taste the gospel-grace.
- 5 Oft in his house his glory shines,  
Before our wond'ring eyes ;  
We wish not then for golden mines,  
Or ought beneath the skies.
- 6 His presence sweetens all our cares,  
And makes our burdens light ;  
A word from him dispels our fears,  
And gilds the gloom of night.
- 7 Lord, we expect to suffer here,  
And oft we do repine ;  
But give us still to find thee near,  
And own us still for thine.
- 8 Let us enjoy and highly prize  
These tokens of thy love,  
Till thou shalt bid our spirits rise,  
To worship thee above.

H Y M N CXXVII.

- 1 **T**HIS is the feast of heavenly wine,  
And God invites to sup :  
The juices of the living-vine  
Were press'd to fill the cup.

2 Oh



- 2 Oh bless the Saviour, ye that eat,  
With royal dainties fed ;  
Not heav'n affords a costlier treat,  
For Jesus is the bread.
- 3 The vile, the lost, he calls to them,  
Ye trembling souls appear !  
The righteous in their own esteem,  
Have no acceptance here.
- 4 Approach, ye poor, nor dare refuse  
The banquet spread for you ;  
Dear Saviour, this is welcome news,  
Then I may venture too.

H Y M N CXXVIII.

- 1 **K**INDRED in Christ, for his dear sake,  
A hearty welcome here receive ;  
May we together now partake,  
The joys which only he can give !
- 2 To you and us by grace 'tis giv'n,  
To know the Saviour's precious name ;  
And shortly we shall meet in heav'n,  
Our hope, our way, our end the same.
- 3 May he by whose kind care we meet,  
Send his good Spirit from above,  
Make our communications sweet,  
And cause our hearts to burn with love !

4 Forgotten



- 4 Forgotten be each worldly theme,  
When Christians see each other thus ;  
We only wish to speak of him,  
Whody'd, and lives, and reigns for us.

H Y M N CXXIX.

- 1 IN vain my fancy strives to paint,  
The moment after death,  
The glories that surround the saints,  
When yielding up their breath.
- 2 One gentle sigh their fetters breaks :  
We scarce can say, " They're gone !"   
Before the willing spirit takes  
Her mansion near the throne.
- 3 Faith strives, but all its efforts fail,  
To trace her in her flight :  
No eye can pierce within the vail,  
Which hides that world of light.
- 4 Thus much (and this is all) we know,  
They are completely blest ;  
Have done with sin, and care, and woe,  
And with their Saviour rest.
- 5 While they have gain'd, we losers are,  
We miss them day by day ;  
But thou can'st every breach repair,  
And wipe our tears away.
- 6 We

- 6 We pray, as in Elisha's case,  
When great Elijah went,  
May double portions of thy grace,  
To us who stay, be sent.

## H Y M N CXXX.

- 1 IF for a time the air be calm,  
Serene and smooth the sea appears,  
And shews no danger to alarm  
The unexperienc'd landsman's fears :
- 2 But if the tempest once arise,  
The faithless water swells and raves ;  
Its billows, foaming to the skies,  
Disclose a thousand threat'ning graves.
- 3 My untry'd heart thus seem'd to me  
(So little of myself I knew)  
Smooth as the calm unruffled sea,  
But ah ! it prov'd as treach'rous too !
- 4 The peace of which I had a taste,  
When Jesus first his love reveal'd,  
I fondly hop'd would always last,  
Because my foes were then conceal'd.
- 5 But when I felt the tempter's pow'r,  
Rouse my corruptions from their sleep,  
I trembled at the stormy hour,  
And saw the horrors of the deep.

- 8 The peace is his, and not my own,  
 My heart (no better than before)  
 Is still to dreadful changes prone,  
 Then let me never trust it more.

## H Y M N CXXXI.

- 1 **T**HE billows swell, the winds are high,  
 Clouds overcast my wintry sky ;  
 Out of the depths to thee I call,  
 My fears are great, my strength is small.
- 2 O Lord, the pilot's part, perform,  
 And guide and guard me thro' the storm ;  
 Defend me from each threat'ning ill,  
 Countroul the waves, say, " Peace: be still !"
- 3 Amidst the roaring of the sea,  
 My soul still hangs her hope on thee ;  
 Thy constant love, thy faithful care,  
 Is all that saves me from despair.
- 4 Dangers of ev'ry shape and name,  
 Attend the follow'rs of the Lamb,  
 Who leave the world's deceitful shore,  
 And leave it to return no more.
- 5 Tho' tempest toss'd and half a wreck,  
 My Saviour thro' the floods I seek ;  
 Let neither winds nor stormy main  
 Force back my shatter'd bark again.

HYMN

## H Y M N CXXXII.

- 1 **G**OD of my life, to thee I call,  
Afflicted at thy feet I fall ;  
When the great water-floods prevail,  
Leave not my trembling heart to fail !
- 2 Friend of the friendless and the faint !  
Where should I lodge my deep complaint ?  
Where but with thee, whose open door,  
Invites the helpless and the poor !
- 3 Did ever mourner plead with thee,  
And thou refuse that mourner's plea ?  
Does not thy word still fix'd remain,  
That none shall seek thy face in vain ?
- 4 That were a grief I could not bear,  
Didst thou not hear and answer pray'r ;  
But a pray'r-hearing, answe'ring God,  
Supports me under ev'ry load.
- 5 Fair is the lot that's cast for me ;  
I have an Advocate with thee ;  
They whom the world caresses most,  
Have no such privilege to boast.
- 6 Poor tho' I am, despis'd, forgot,  
Yet God, my God, forgets me not ;  
And he is safe and must succeed,  
For whom the Lord vouchsafes to plead.

HYMN

## H Y M N CXXXIII. Y H

WHEN darkness long has veil'd my mind,  
 And smiling day once more appears ;  
 Then, my Redeemer, then I find,  
 The follies of my doubts and fears.

Strait I upbraid my wand'ring heart,  
 And blush that I should ever be  
 Thus prone to act so base a part,  
 Or harbour one hard thought of thee !

Oh ! let me then at length be taught,  
 What I am still so slow to learn ;  
 That God is love, and changes not,  
 Nor knows the shadow of a turn.

Sweet truth, and easy to repeat !  
 But when my faith is sharply try'd,  
 I find myself a learner yet,  
 Unskilful, weak, and apt to slide.

But, O my Lord, one look from thee,  
 Subdues the disobedient will ;  
 Drives doubt and discontent away,  
 And thy rebellious worm is still.

Thou art as ready to forgive,  
 As I am ready to repine ;  
 Thou, therefore all the praise receive ;  
 Thy shame and self abhorrence mine.

M

HYMN



## H Y M N CXXXIV.

- 1 **O** Lord, my best desire fulfil,  
And help me to resign  
Life, health, and comfort to thy will,  
And make thy pleasure mine.
- 2 Why should I shrink at thy command;  
Whose love forbids my fears?  
Or tremble at the gracious hand,  
That wipes away my tears?
- 3 No, rather let me freely yield,  
What most I prize, to thee;  
Who never hast a good with-held,  
Or wilt with-hold from me.
- 4 Thy favour, all my journey thro'  
Thou art engag'd to grant;  
What else I want, or think I do,  
'Tis better still to want.
- 5 Wisdom and mercy guide my way,  
Shall I resist them both?  
A poor blind creature of a day,  
And crush'd before the moth!
- 6 But ah! my inward spirit cries,  
Still bind me to thy sway;  
Else the next cloud that veils my skies,  
Drives all these thoughts away.

HYMN



## HYMN CXXXV.

- 1 **B**E still, my heart ! these anxious cares,  
To thee are burdens, thorns, and snares,  
They cast dishonour on thy Lord,  
And contradict his gracious word.
- 2 Brought safely by his hand thus far,  
Why wilt thou now give place to fear ?  
How canst thou want if he provide,  
Or lose thy way with such a guide ?
- 3 When first before his mercy-seat,  
Thou didst to him thy all commit ;  
He gave thee warrant, from that hour,  
To trust his wisdom, love, and pow'r.
- 4 He who has help'd me hitherto,  
Will help me all my journey thro',  
And give me daily cause to raise  
New Ebenezers to his praise.
- 5 Tho' rough and thorny be the road,  
It leads thee home, apace, to God ;  
Then count thy present trials small,  
For heav'n will make amends for all.

HYMN

## H Y M N CXXXVI.

- 1 **T**HOU Shepherd of Isr'el divine,  
The Joy of the upright in heart,  
For closer communion they pine,  
Still, still to reside where thou art ;
- 2 The Pasture, O ! when shall we find,  
Where all, who their Shepherd obey,  
Are fed on thy bosom reclin'd,  
Are screen'd from the heat of the day.
- 3 Ah, shew us that happiest place,  
That place of thy people's abode,  
Where saints in an extasy gaze,  
And hang on a crucify'd God :
- 4 Thy Love for lost sinners declare,  
Thy Passion and Death on the Tree,  
Our Spirits to Calvary bear,  
To suffer and triumph with thee.
- 5 'Tis there with the lambs of thy flock,  
There only we'd covet to rest,  
To lie at the foot of the rock,  
Or rise to be hid in thy breast ;
- 6 'Tis there we would always abide,  
And never a moment depart,  
Conceal'd in the cleft of thy side,  
Eternally held in thy heart.

## H Y M N CXXXVII.

1 **T**O keep the lamp alive,  
 With oil we fill the bowl ;  
 'Tis water makes the willow thrive,  
 And grace that feeds the soul.

2 The Lord's unsparing hand,  
 Supplies the living stream ;  
 It is not at our own command,  
 But still deriv'd from him.

3 Beware of Peter's word,  
 Nor confidently say,  
 " I never *will* deny thee, Lord,  
 But grant I never *may*.

## H Y M N CXXXVIII.

**A**Lmighty King ! whose wond'rous hand  
 Supports the weight of sea and land ;  
 Whose grace is such a boundless store,  
 No heart shall break that sighs for more.

2 Thy providence supplies my food,  
 And 'tis thy blessing makes it good ;  
 My soul is nourish'd by thy word,  
 May soul and spirit praise thee, Lord.

3 My streams of outward comfort came  
 From him who built this earthly frame ;  
 Whate'er I want his bounty gives,  
 By whom my soul for ever lives.

4 Eith

- 4 Either his hand preserves from pain,  
Or, if I feel it, heals again;  
From Satan's malice shields my breast,  
Or, over-rules it for the best.

H Y M N CXXXIX.

- 1 **B**ELIEVERS love to trust the Lord  
Who makes your cause his own,  
The hope that's built upon his word,  
Can ne'er be overthrown.
- 2 Tho' many foes beset your road,  
And feeble is your arm,  
Your life is hid with Christ in God,  
Beyond the reach of harm.
- 3 Weak as you are, you shall not faint,  
Or fainting shall not die;  
Jesus, the strength of every faint,  
Will aid you from on high.
- 4 Tho' sometimes unperceiv'd by sense,  
Faith sees him always near,  
A Guide, a Glory, a Defence,  
Then what have you to fear?
- 5 As surely as he overcame,  
And triumph'd once for you;  
So surely you that love his name,  
Shall triumph in him too.

## HYMN CXL.

1 SALVATION ! what a glorious plan,  
How suited to our need !

The grace that raises fallen man  
Is wonderful indeed !

2 'Twas wisdom form'd the vast design,  
To ransom us when lost ;  
And love's unfathomable mine,  
Provided all the cost.

3 Strict Justice, with approving look,  
The holy cov'nant seal'd,  
And truth, and pow'r undertook,  
The whole should be fulfill'd.

4 Truth, Wisdom, Justice, Pow'r and Love,  
In all their Glory shone ;  
When Jesus left the courts above,  
And dy'd to save his own.

5 Truth, Wisdom, Justice, Pow'r and Love,  
Are equally display'd,  
Now Jesus reigns enthron'd above,  
Our Advocate and Head.

6 Now sin appears deserving death,  
Most hateful and abhor'd ;  
And yet the sinner lives by faith,  
And dares approach the Lord.

HYMN



## H Y M N CXLI.

**N**OW may the Lord reveal his face,  
 And teach our stamm'ring tongues,  
 To make his sovereign, reigning grace,  
 The subject of our songs !  
 No sweeter subject can invite  
 A sinner's heart to sing ;  
 Or more display the glorious right,  
 Of our exalted King.

2 This subject fills the starry plains,  
 With wonder, joy, and love ;  
 And furnishes the noblest strains  
 For all the harps above :  
 While the redeem'd in praise combine  
 And gaze upon the throne ;  
 Angels in solemn chorus join,  
 To make the theme their own.

3 Grace reigns, to pardon crimson sins,  
 To melt the hardest hearts ;  
 And from the work it once begins,  
 It never more departs.  
 The world and satan strive in vain,  
 Against the chosen few ;  
 Secur'd by grace's conqu'ring reign,  
 They all shall conquer too.

3 Grace



- 4 Grace tills the soil, and sows the seeds,  
 Provides the sun and rain ;  
 Till from the tender blade proceeds  
 The ripen'd harvest grain.  
 'Twas grace that call'd our souls at first,  
 By grace thus far we're come,  
 And grace will help us thro' the worst,  
 And lead us safely home.
- 5 Lord, when this changing life is past,  
 We hope to see thy face ;  
 How shall we praise, and love at last,  
 And sing the reign of grace !  
 Yet let us aim, while here below,  
 Thy mercy to display ;  
 And own at least the debt we owe,  
 Altho' we cannot pay.

## H Y M N CXLII.

- 1 **T**HE Saints Emmanuel's portion are,  
 Redeem'd by price, reclaim'd by pow'r ;  
 His special choice, and tender care,  
 Owns them and guards them every hour.
- 2 He finds them in a barren land,  
 Beset with sins, and fears, and woes :  
 He leads and guides them by his hand.  
 And bears them safe from all their foes.

HYMN

## HYMN CXLIII.

1 **T**HERE is a land of pure delight,  
Where saints immortal reign;  
Infinite day excludes the night,  
And pleasure banish pain.

2 There everlasting spring abides,  
And never with'ring flow'rs :  
Death, like a narrow sea, divides,  
This heav'nly land from ours.

3 Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood,  
Stand dress'd in living green,  
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,  
While Jordan roll'd between.

4 But tim'rous mortals start and shrink,  
To cross this narrow sea,  
And linger, shiv'ring on the brink,  
Afraid to launch away.

5 Oh ! could we make our doubts remove,  
These gloomy doubts that rise,  
And see the Canaan that we love,  
With unobscured eyes.

6 Could we but climb, where Moses stood,  
And view the landscape o'er,  
Not Jordan's Stream, nor Death's cold Flood  
Should fright us from the Shore.

HY

H Y M N CXLIV.

**M**Y God, my Life, my Love,  
To Thee, to Thee I call,  
I cannot live if thou remove,  
For thou art All in All.

Thy shining grace can cheer,  
This dungeon where I dwell;  
'Tis paradise when thou art here,  
If thou depart, 'tis hell.

The smilings of thy face,  
How amiable they are !  
'Tis heaven to rest in thine embrace,  
And no where else but there.

To thee, and thee alone,  
The angels owe their bliss ;  
They sit around thy gracious throne,  
And dwell where Jesus is.

Not all the harps above,  
Can make a heavenly place ;  
If God his residence remove,  
Or but conceal his face ;

Nor earth, nor all the sky,  
Can one delight afford ;  
No, not a drop of real joy,  
Without thy presence, Lord.

**Thou**

7 Thou art the sea of love,  
Where all my pleasures roll,  
The circle where my passions  
And centre of my soul.

8 To thee my spirits fly,  
With infinite desire,  
And yet how far from thee I lie;  
Dear Jesus raise me higher.

# H Y M N CXLV.

1 JESUS, I love thy charming name,  
'Tis music to my ear;  
Fain would I sound it out so loud,  
That earth and heaven might hear.

2 Yes, thou art precious to my soul,  
My transport, and my trust;  
Jewels to thee are gaudy toys,  
And gold is sordid dust.

3 All my capacious pow'r can wish,  
In thee most richly meet;  
Nor to my eyes is life so dear,  
Nor friendship half so sweet.

4 O may thy grace still cheer my heart;  
And shed its fragrance there!  
The noblest balm of all its wounds,  
The cordial of its care.

I'll

- 5 I'll speak the honours of thy name,  
With my last lab'ring breath ;  
When speechless, clasp Thee in my arms,  
My joy in life and death !

H Y M N CXLVI.

- 1 **W**ATER, O Lord with showers of grace,  
The seed which has been sown ;  
And may it yield a sweet increase,  
Against the harvest-home.
- 2 May we retain what we have heard,  
That we may fruitful prove ;  
And feel the blessings of thy word,  
And sweetness of thy love.
- 3 On gospel bread, O may we feed,  
And drink of gospel wine ;  
And in the way of wisdom tread,  
And grow in Christ the vine.
- 4 May gospel truths be our delight,  
Our glory and our song :  
With Jesus we do walk in white,  
While travelling along.

N

HYMN



## H Y M N CXLVII.

1 O May we ever sweetly move,  
In Zion's ways with zeal and love !  
And feel that we have life divine,  
In Christ the true and living vine.

2 In union oneness may we dwell,  
And to each other feeling tell,  
Of matchless power and bleeding love,  
And gospel-blessings from above.

3 As tender plants, O may we grow,  
In thy plantation here below ;  
Under sweet showers of gospel grace,  
O bless each member in this place.

4 O let us all be one in mind,  
Who are in gospel union join'd  
Let love our words and actions move,  
And all our springs be grace and love.

## H Y M N CXLVIII.

1 PRECIOUS Christ, make known thy power  
And some sweet token give ;  
Upon our souls thy blessings shower,  
And let our souls revive.

2 Thy Saints are washed in thy blood !  
Thy Saints shall thee adore ;  
Thy Saints do love our Saviour God,  
Lord may they love thee more.



- 3 O may our souls most sweetly find  
The fragrancy of prayer ;  
Enjoy a sweet, a savoury mind,  
In supplications here.

## H Y M N CXLIX.

- 1 NOW begin the heav'nly theme,  
Sing aloud in Jesus' name,  
Ye who Jesus' kindness prove,  
Triumph in Redeeming Love.
- 2 Ye who see the Father's Grace,  
Beaming in the Saviour's Face,  
As to Canaan on ye move,  
Praise and blest Redeeming Love.
- 3 Mourning souls, have doubts and tears,  
While they feel their guilty fears,  
Christ their guilt and curse remove,  
Cancell'd by Redeeming Love.
- 4 They, alas ! who long have been,  
Willing slaves of death and sin,  
Now from blifs no longer rove,  
Rescued by Redeeming Love.

N 2

HYMN

## H Y M N C L.

1 **G**OD of my Salvation, hear,  
 And help me to believe :  
 Simply would I now draw near,  
 Thy blessings to receive ;  
 Full of guilt, alas, I am,  
 But to thy wounds for refuge flee ;  
 Friend of sinners, spotless Lamb,  
 Thy Blood was shed for me.

2 Standing now as newly slain,  
 To thee I'd lift mine eye,  
 Balm of all my grief and pain,  
 Thy blood is always nigh :  
 Now, as yesterday the same,  
 Thou art, and wilt for ever be ;  
 Friend of sinners, spotless Lamb,  
 Thy Blood was shed for me.

3 Nothing have I, Lord, to pay,  
 Nor can thy grace procure,  
 Empty send me not away,  
 For I, thou know'st, am poor :  
 Dust and ashes is my name,  
 My all is sin and misery ;  
 Friend of sinners, spotless Lamb,  
 Thy blood was shed for me.

4 Without

- 4 Without money, without price,  
 I come thy Love to buy ;  
 From myself I'd turn my eyes,  
 The chief of finners I :  
 Take, O take me as I am,  
 And let me lose myself in thee,  
 Friend of finners, spotless Lamb,  
 Thy Blood was shed for me.

## H Y M N C L I.

- 1 **G**UIDE me, O thou great Jehovah,  
 Pilgrim, thro' this barren land,  
 I am weak, but thou are mighty,  
 Hold me with thy pow'rful hand,  
 Bread of Heaven, Bread of Heaven,  
 Feed me 'till I want no more.
- 2 Open Lord the chrystal Fountain,  
 Whence thy healing streams do flow :  
 Let the fiery cloudy pillar,  
 Lead me all my journey through :  
 Strong Deliv'rer, strong Deliv'rer,  
 Be thou still my Strength and Shield.
- 3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,  
 Bid my anxious fear subside ;  
 Death of deaths, and hell's destruction,  
 Land me safe on Canaan's Side,  
 Songs of Praises, Songs of Praises,  
 I will ever give to thee.

HYMN

## H Y M N CLII.

1 **T**HE God of Abrah'm praise,  
 Who reigns enthron'd above ;  
 Ancient of everlasting days,  
 And God of Love ;  
**JEHOVAH, GREAT I AM !**  
 By earth and heav'n confest ;  
 I bow and bless the sacred Name,  
 For ever bless'd.

2 The God of Abrah'm praise,  
 At whose supreme command  
 From earth I'd rise—and seek the Joys  
 At thy right hand :  
 I'd all on earth forsake,  
 Its wisdom, fame and pow'r ;  
 And him my only portion make  
 My shield and tower.

3 The God of Abr'ham praise,  
 Whose all-sufficient grace,  
 Shall guide me all my happy days  
 In all his ways ;  
 He calls a worm his friend !  
 He calls himself my God !  
 And he will save me to the end,  
 Thro' Jesu's Blood.

4 He by himself hath sworn,  
 I'd on his oath depend,  
 I shall on eagle's wings up-borne  
 To heav'n ascend.  
 I shall behold his face,  
 I shall his power adore,  
 And sing the wonders of his grace,  
 For evermore.

## H Y M N C L I I I.

1 THO' Nature's strength decay,  
 And earth and hell withstand,  
 To Canaan's bounds I'd urge my way,  
 At his Command:  
 The watry deep I pass,  
 With Jesus in my view;  
 And thro' the howling wilderness,  
 My way pursue.

2 The goodly land I see,  
 With peace and plenty blest'd;  
 A land of sacred Liberty,  
 And endless rest;  
 There milk and honey flow!  
 And oil and wine abound;  
 And Trees of Life for ever grow,  
 With mercy crown'd.

3 Ther



3 There dwells the Lord our King,  
The Lord our Righteousness,  
(Triumphant o'er the world and Sin)  
The Prince of Peace :  
On Sion's sacred height,  
His Kingdom still maintains ;  
And glorious with the saints in light  
For ever reigns.

4 He keeps his own secure,  
He guards them by his side,  
Arrays in garments white and pure  
His spotless bride :  
With streams of sacred bliss,  
With groves of living joys—  
With all the fruits of Paradise,  
He still supplies.

### H Y M N CLIV.

- 1 I Know that my Redeemer lives,  
What comfort this sweet sentence gives !  
He lives ! he lives, who once was dead,  
He lives, my everliving Head.
- 2 He lives triumphant from the grave,  
He lives eternally to save,  
He lives all glorious in the sky,  
He lives exalted there on high.

He



- 3 He lives to bless me with his love,  
He lives to plead for me above,  
He lives my hungry soul to feed,  
He lives to help in time of need.
- 4 He lives to grant me rich supply,  
He lives to guide me with his eye,  
He lives to comfort me when faint,  
He lives to hear my soul's complaint.
- 5 He lives to crush the pow'rs of hell,  
He lives that he may in me dwell,  
He lives to heal, and make me whole,  
He lives to guard my feeble soul.
- 6 He lives to silence all my fears,  
He lives to stop, and wipe my tears,  
He lives to calm my troubled heart,  
He lives all blessings to impart.
- 7 He lives my kind, wise, heav'nly friend,  
He lives, and loves me to the end.  
He lives, and while he lives I'll sing,  
He lives my Prophet, Priest, and King.
- 8 He lives, all glory to his name,  
He lives, my Jesus, still the same;  
O the sweet joy this sentence gives,  
I know that my Redeemer lives.

HYMN

## HYMN CLV.

- 1 JOIN all who love the Saviour's name,  
And sing his everlasting fame,  
Great God prepare each heart and voice,  
In Him for ever to rejoice.
- 2 Of Him what wond'rous things are told,  
In Him what glories I behold ;  
For Him I gladly all things leave,  
To Him my soul for ever cleave.
- 3 In Him my treasure's all contain'd,  
By Him my feeble soul's sustain'd,  
From Him I all things do receive,  
Thro' Him my soul does daily live.
- 4 With Him I daily love to walk,  
Of Him my soul delights to talk,  
On Him I'd cast my ev'ry care,  
Like Him one day I shall appear.
- 5 Bless Him, my soul, from day to day ;  
Trust Him to bring thee on thy way,  
Take this poor, weak, and sinful heart,  
With Him O never may I part.
- 6 Praise Him in cheerful, grateful songs,  
To Him your highest praise belongs ;  
'Tis Him who does your heav'n prepare,  
And Him you'll praise for ever there.

HYMN

## HYMN CLVI.

- 1 JESU, Shepherd of the sheep,  
Thou thy flock dost feed and keep ;  
Oh ! with what a tender care,  
Dost thou all for them prepare !
- 2 Thou dost call them by their names,  
In thy bosom bear the lambs ;  
Gently lead those great with young,  
Screening them from hurt and wrong.
- 3 Thee the sheep profess and own,  
Thee they love, and thee alone ;  
Thee they follow in the way,  
Strangers they will not obey.
- 4 Thou knowest them, and they know Thee,  
They will never from Thee flee,  
When they find and feel Thee near,  
They delight thy voice to hear.
- 5 Lord, a wand'ring sheep behold,  
Bring me back into thy fold ;  
On thy shoulders bear me home,  
Suffer me no more to roam.
- 6 Lead me into pastures green,  
Where thy lovely face is seen ;  
Bid me to the fountain go,  
Where life-giving waters flow.

HYMN

## H Y M N CLVII.

- 1 **B**LEST is the New Jerusalem,  
 The seat of Zion's peaceful sons,  
 The holy city of the Lamb,  
 Her walls are built of living stones:  
 With angels she is compass'd round.  
 With light and glory she is crown'd.
- 2 Her streets are of the purest gold;  
 They like transparent chrystal shine;  
 Her walls are glorious to behold,  
 For she reflecteth light divine:  
 On twelve foundations she is stay'd;  
 Of twelve fair pearls her gates are made.
- 3 The Tabernacle of our God,  
 Is pitch'd among the sons of men;  
 All who have faith in Jesu's Blood,  
 May boldly come and enter in:  
 The Lord sits on a throne of state,  
 He says "I all things new create."
- 4 Jerusalem is as a bride,  
 Who for her husband is prepar'd;  
 With gold and jewels beautified,  
 Ready to meet and hail her Lord:  
 Her in his hands the Saviour takes:  
 Her his eternal spouse he makes.

- 5 I saw no earthly temple there;  
 They needed neither sun nor moon,  
 God and the Lamb a temple were,  
 Their light and glory ever shone.  
 His people they are drest in white,  
 They walk in everlasting light.
- 6 Her gates stand open night and day;  
 Yea there is neither night nor cloud  
 No sinner shall be turn'd away,  
 Who comes by Faith in Jesu's blood:  
 Gentiles and Jews his glories sing,  
 They all bow down to Christ our King.

## H Y M N CLVIII.

- 1 JESUS, thou precious corner stone,  
 In whom ten thousand beauties shine;  
 Thou art our hope, and thou alone,  
 In Thee we taste of Love divine:  
 On Zion's Mountain thou art laid,  
 On Thee each faithful soul is stay'd.
- 2 Thou, Lord, a sure foundation art;  
 Preceding ages thee have prov'd;  
 Thou never, never wilt depart,  
 From sinners whom Thou once has lov'd:  
 On thee both Jews and Gentiles build;  
 In Thee our hearts with joy are fill'd.



- 3 Happy the New Jerusalem,  
 That peaceful City built above,  
 Where saints and angels both proclaim  
 The wonders of our Saviour's Love :  
 With boundless joy and extasy,  
 They sing eternal praise to Thee.
- 4 Jesus, Thou High and Holy One,  
 For thy rich mercies sake draw near ;  
 In love and clemency come down,  
 And manifest thy presence here :  
 Thy largest blessings on us pour,  
 And make us happy evermore.
- 5 Glory and honour be to God,  
 To God most holy and most high ;  
 The same be on the Son bestow'd,  
 And Holy Ghost eternally.  
 Salvation, Blessing, Praise and Pow'r,  
 Be to the Lamb for evermore.

## H Y M N CLIX.

- 1 **T**HOU dear Redeemer, dying Lamb,  
 I love to hear of Thee :  
 No music like thy charming name,  
 Is half so sweet to me.



- 2 O let me ever hear thy voice,  
In mercy to me speak ;  
And in my Priest would I rejoice,  
My great Melchisedech.
- 3 My Jesus shall be still my theme,  
While in this world I stay ;  
I'll sing my Jesu's lovely name,  
When all things else decay,
- 4 When I appear in yonder cloud,  
With all his favour'd throng ;  
Then shall I sing more sweet more loud,  
And Christ shall be my song.

## HYMN CLX.

- 1 **M**Y sins O Christ extend to Thee,  
Thy death declares them thine ;  
Thy Righteousness extend to me,  
It's benefits are mine.
- 2 Thy Death hath set me free from Hell,  
And made my sins forgiven ;  
Thy Righteousness makes me to dwell,  
Eternally in Heaven.
- 3 Lord if I live, or if I die,  
I still belong to Thee,  
Since in thy Life, and in thy Death,  
Thou gavest all for me.

O 2

HYMN

## H Y M N CLXI.

- 1 **B**EHOLD the wall is broken down,  
Now the gospel is made known,  
Now the door is opened wide,  
Christ for Jews and Gentiles died.
- 2 All who feel the weight of sin,  
All who languish to be clean,  
All who for redemption groan,  
Shall be sav'd by Christ alone.
- 3 Jesus is the lovely name :  
This the angel doth proclaim.  
He will all his People save,  
They in Him remission have :
- 4 When they see themselves undone,  
They take refuge in the Son ;  
They shall all be born again,  
And with Him in glory reign.
- 5 Sing ye redeem'd from the earth,  
Sing the Triumphs of his birth :  
All his Saints by Him are blest—  
Sound his Praise from east to west,
- 6 Elect Jews and Gentiles sing,  
Christ their common Lord and King ;  
Christ, their life, their joy, their song,  
To all eternity prolong.

HYMN

## H Y M N CLXII.

- 1 **A** Riddle to myself I am,  
 A mixture of I know not what :  
 Do you desire to know my name ?  
 Who can describe me as I ought ;  
 My name is ev'ry thing that's bad ;  
 My nature is with sin array'd.
- 2 Whatever outward sins appear,  
 And stain the lives of other men ;  
 Look in my heart, you'll find them there  
 Engrav'd as with an iron pen :  
 My heart a cave of Dragon's Fell,  
 An emblem of the Pit of Hell.
- 3 A thousand Persons in an hour,  
 A thousand various turns I take :  
 Then ruin what I built before,  
 And schemes as new as foolish make :  
 Light and inconstant as the wind,  
 I know not where myself to find.
- 4 Sometimes in death's dark shade I lie,  
 And wish that moment to expire ;  
 Fresh strength and life God doth supply,  
 Then I conceive a new desire ;  
 I wish to live as much or more,  
 Than I desir'd to die before.

- 5 Still I adhere to flesh and sense,  
My griefs are great, my comforts few ;  
I murmur at his Providence,  
Till all in Jesu's hand I view ;  
Then Lord, (say I) if thou dost please,  
Send troubles more, and comforts less.

H Y M N CLXIII.

- 1 **T**HE Law is holy, just and good ;  
A transcript of the Will of God :  
But I am carnal, sold to sin,  
Yet still the Law can't make me clean.
- 2 But what the Law could not attain,  
God sent his Son like sinful man ;  
And He for sin condemn'd all sin,  
And perfect righteousness brought in.
- 3 The Law, the Devil, Sin and Death,  
Give way unto the Law of Faith.  
No other Law do I now see,  
Besides the Law of Liberty.
- 4 With Jesus I am crucified,  
And in his Death the Law hath died.  
From condemnation I am free ;  
The Law, the Law is dead to me.

5 Since

- 5 Since I am wash'd in Jesus Blood,  
I am not without Law to God :  
I'm in a Law to God's dear son,  
Christ is my Law; and Christ alone.

H Y M N CLXIV.

- 1 SELF-righteous souls on works rely,  
And boast their moral dignity ;  
But if I list a song of praise,  
Each note shall echo, Grace, free grace.
- 2 'Twas grace that quicken'd me when dead,  
And grace my soul to Jesus led ;  
Grace brings me pardon for my sin,  
'Tis grace subdues my lusts within.
- 3 'Tis grace defends when dangers near ;  
By grace alone I persevere :  
'Tis grace constrains my soul to love,  
Grace, grace is all saints sing above.
- 4 Thus 'tis alone in grace I boast,  
And 'tis alone in grace I trust :  
For all that's past grace is my theme,  
For what's to come, 'tis still the same.
- 5 Through



- 5 Through countless years of grace I'll sing,  
 Adore and bless my heav'nly king;  
 I'll cast my crown before his throne,  
 And shout, free grace! free grace alone!

## H Y M N CLXV. •

- 1 FROM the dear Flock of Jesu's Saints,  
 How painful 'tis to go!  
 But such must be our sad complaints,  
 While travelling here below.
- 2 If parting now so grieves each heart,  
 That's knit to Zion's Head,  
 Then surely Jesus ne'er will part  
 With those for whom he bled.
- 3 True must his word for ever stand;  
 Then—he'll ne'er leave his sheep!  
 But in the hollow of his Hand,  
 Their souls he'll ever keep.
- 4 He'll train them up, thro' grace divine,  
 A Kingdom to possess;  
 There shall their souls for ever shine,  
 In perfect love, and peace.

5 What



- 5 What a delightful company,  
Shall meet on Canaan's Shore !  
Oh ! what a Meeting that will be,  
When Parting is no more !
- 6 Then round the shining throne above,  
We'll sing in cheerful strains ;  
Sound the dear Saviour's dying Love,  
Thro' all the heav'nly plains.

H Y M N CLXVI.

- 1 CHRIST is my Rock, my Hope, my Stay,  
In him I triumph all the day ;  
Who can conceive the pure delight,  
My soul enjoys when he's in fight !
- 2 Tho' num'rous evils o'er me roll,  
And threaten ruin to my soul,  
Still in the strength my Jesus brings,  
My soul triumphant—loudly sings,
- 3 Sings in the midst of various woes ;  
Sings thro' the hosts of all its foes ;  
Presses its rapid course to God,  
Thro' the rich plea of Jesu's blood.

4 For

- 4 For all the grace that makes me sing,  
I'll ever thank my God and King;  
'Tis he alone my triumphs raise,  
And he alone shall have the praise.
- 5 There on a Throne of wond'rous Love,  
I'll triumph with the hosts above;  
And like the first Arch-Angel sing  
The triumphs of my heav'nly King.

## H Y M N CLXVII.

- 1 **W**HEN death to guilty man appears,  
It fills his mind with painful fears;  
Trembling he sees his visage pale,  
And dreads an everlasting hell.
- 2 But some there are born from above,  
Who feel their Saviour's pard'ning Love;  
Such happy souls, redeem'd by blood,  
Can welcome the great Day of God.
- 3 "Come Death, and waft my soul on high,"  
(Is a Believer's frequent cry)  
"O lodge me on Immanuel's breast,  
"To prove an everlasting rest.

HYMN

## H Y M N CLXVIII.

1 **T**HE great, the everlasting Lord,  
Plainly declares in his own word,  
That his dear saints shall richly prove,  
The joys of his forgiving Love.

2 All, all the elected chosen race,  
Shall surely know the God of grace ;  
Shall know and feel their sins forgiv'n,  
And boldly lay a claim to heav'n.

3 Dear Lord, if 'tis thy heav'nly will,  
O give us constantly to feel,  
That we, e'en we, forgiv'n are,  
And soon in glory shall appear.

## Y H M N CLXIX,

1 **M**UCH like my heart, both false and true *a*,  
I have a name both old and new *b* ;  
No new thing is beneath the sun *c*,  
Yet all is new, and old things gone. *d*

2 Tho' in my flesh dwell's no good thing. *e*  
Yet Christ in me I joyful sing ; *f*

Sin

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*a* Jer. xvii. 19.—*b* Rom. ix. 25, 26. Rev. ii. 17.—*c* Eccl.  
i. 9. —*d* 2 Cor. v. 17.—*e* Rom. vii. 18.—*f* Col. i. 27.

Sin I confess, and I deny,  
For though I sin, it is not I. *g*

3 I sin against and with my will, *b*  
I am innocent and guilty still, *i*  
Tho' fain I'd be the greatest saint, *k*  
To be the least I'd be content. *l*

4 My lowness makes my height evince, *m*  
I'm both a beggar and a prince; *n*  
With meanest subjects I appear, *o*  
With kings a royal sceptre bear. *p*

5 I'm both unfetter'd and involv'd, *q*  
By law condemn'd, by law absolv'd; *r*  
My guilt condignly punish'd see,  
Yet I the guilty wretch go free. *s*

6 I'm in this present life I know,  
A captive and a free man too; *t*  
And though my sleep can't set me free,  
It will perfect my Liberty. *u*

F I N I S.




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— *g* Rom. vii. 14. 20.— *b* Rom. vii. 21. to 25.—  
*i* Psal. xix. 13.— *k* Psal. xxvii. 4.— *l* Psal. lxxxiv. 10.—  
*m* Job. v. 11.— *n* 1 Sam. ii. 8. 32.— Gen. xxviii.—  
*o* Phil. ii. 10.— *p* Rev. ii. 26. 27.— *q* Psal. cxvi. 16. Rom.  
vii. 23.— *r* 1 John iii. 20.— Rom. viii. 1.— *s* Gal. iii. 31  
— *t* Rom. vii. 23.— *u* John xii. 11 to 14.

5.-  
6.-  
7.-  
om.  
31